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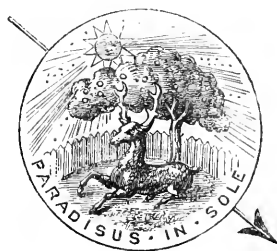
Legends and Traditions

*AS TOLD BY HER ANCIENT CHRONICLERS,
HER POETS, AND JOURNALISTS.*

BY THE
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VICAR OF NORTH OTTERINGTON.

⁴ History hath no page
More brightly lettered of heroic dust,
Or manly worth, or woman's nobleness,
'Than thou may'st show; thou hast nor hill nor dale,
But lives in legend.'

SECOND SERIES.

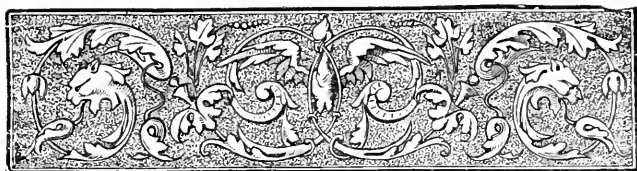


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*' We marked each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between ;
Nor hill nor brook we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.'*

SCOTT.



INTRODUCTION.

By way of introduction to the second series of 'Yorkshire Legends and Traditions,' the writer has little to add to what was said in the introduction to the former series.

The stories are similar in scope and character—historical and apocryphal, and ranging 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe'—to those of the previous volume; and they are drawn from sources wide, and often dissimilar, as were those of that book.

The same principle, as to the relation of legend and tradition with art and poetry, local and otherwise, has guided the writer, in this volume as in the last, so that many of the legends and traditions are again told in the words of their original, or their poetical, narrators.

Possibly the writer will again be told, that some of the stories, (as those relating to Robin Hood), are so well known as to be commonplace, and might have been omitted; or, as to others, that he has 'not exercised the critical faculty (if he possess it)' as he might have done, and told his readers what, or how much, of this, or that, story to accept as truth, or what, or how much, to put aside as purely imaginative.

He would only emphasize, in reply to this, what he has said before—that, though here and there, (as in the story of the shepherd Lord Clifford), touching upon the province of the philologist, archæologist, or historian, he does not aspire to write, in these volumes, as either ; but merely as a chronicler, setting forth a *collection* of the legends and traditions of his native county, as he finds them current in her literature, or told among the inhabitants of the localities to which they relate. His object has been twofold—viz., to preserve such legends and traditions in a collected form for future generations ; and, in this form, to bring them within the reach of the general reader of the present.

‘ The days are distant now, gone by
With the old times of minstrelsy,
When all unblest with written lore,
Were treasured up *traditions hoar* ;
And each still lake, and mountain lone,
Had a *wild legend* of its own ;
And hall, and cot, and valley-stream,
Were hallowed by the minstrel’s dream.’

MARY HOWITT.

The writer has sought out, and endeavoured to give to these—‘traditions hoar,’ ‘wild legend,’ and ‘the minstrel’s dream’—of the long past, a new life on the lines of the old, in which, it may not be too much to hope, they may inspire the pen of some future Wordsworth, or the brush of a yet unborn Turner, to enrich the world with new thoughts of sweetness, or new presentations of beauty. But, however imperfectly the writer may have done this work for these, or for the scholar, or the critic, he, at least,

ventures to hope that, whether taken up by the busy city man in intervals of business or politics, or by the workman when his day's labours are over, or read in the ingle-neuk of the lone farm-house whence so many of the stories have been gathered, these volumes, recalling so many things of a past, or fast passing, state of society, will not be without interest and profit to such readers.

The subject seems inexhaustible. A long series of 'Yorkshire Legends,' by Mr. F. Ross, F.R.Hist.S., of London, in the *Leeds Mercury* a few years ago, contains many stories untouched in these volumes; while the traditions and romance of families, connected with the county, and altogether omitted, would alone suffice for another volume.

Nothing would gratify the writer more, than to find some abler hand taking up, and continuing, his work in these directions.

NORTH OTTERINGTON VICARAGE,
October, 1889.





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LEGENDS OF YORKSHIRE.

I.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF HISTORICAL PERSONS AND PLACES.

ISEUR: 'BETRAYED, NOT CONQUERED.'

THE TRADITION OF CARACTACUS AND THE QUEEN OF
THE BRIGANTES.

'Soldier, I had arms,
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims
To lord it universal o'er the world,
Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?'

MASON.

WHO knows not the story of the heroic struggle of Caractacus, or Caradoc, King of the Silures, to maintain British independence against the Roman power? How for nine years, in his kingdom in the West, he held at bay the armies, and the most potent generals, that Rome could send against him? Alas! that it should have been reserved for a Queen of the Brigantes to betray him into the hands of his enemies and hers!

It was in the year 50 A.D. that Ostorius Scapula was sent to subdue those parts of Britain which had hitherto resisted the Roman arms. Mustering all the forces that he could command, he, after a most determined resistance, at last overcame the hero—who long had led the British tribes to battle—at the battle of Caer-Caradoc, in Shropshire. Caractacus's queen, his daughter, and others, were there taken prisoners. Caractacus himself escaped to the shelter of the Druids' haunts, in the Isle of Mona, intending again to rally the British tribes. Meanwhile, the victorious Roman general turned his attention northward, and appeared, with his army, upon the borders of the Brigantes' country.

Cartismunda, their queen, then reigned over the Brigantes at Iseur. What her relationship to Caractacus was is not certain—some say she was his step-mother, others, his mother-in-law. The appearance of the Roman army on the borders of her country filled her with alarm, and she hastened to meet them and make terms with the general. Part of these terms is said to have been the disgraceful stipulation that she should use all the means in her power to place her heroic kinsman in the hands of Ostorius. It is also said that she delivered up two of her own sons, as hostages, until she could accomplish this purpose.

One tradition relates that these sons themselves went to Mona to induce Caractacus to visit their mother at her capital city of Iseur. Another says that the defeated hero voluntarily fled to her for protection and support.

But, however the king was brought within her

dominions, once there, he was put into bonds, and, on the earliest occasion, delivered up to the Roman authorities. Where this took place—whether at Aldborough (Iseur) or in some other portion of the county—is uncertain; but the treacherous deed, all tradition bears witness, was the work of the Brigantian Queen.

How the fallen hero, with his wife and daughter and others of his family, was carried to Rome, there to grace the chariot-wheels of his captor; how he deported himself there, so as to win the admiration of the Emperor (Claudius) and of all with whom he came in contact; how he so defended himself before the authorities that the Emperor commanded his release, and every respect to be rendered to him and his family, are all matters of British history rather than of Yorkshire tradition.

His traditional words on entering imperial Rome, and his noble words before the Emperor, may, however, be quoted :

‘Alas!’ exclaimed the noble Briton, as he was led along the streets, and saw the assembled multitudes of Roman citizens there to look upon him, and beheld the great buildings of the imperial city, ‘Alas! that a people possessed of such magnificence at home should envy me my humble cottage in Britain!’

Calm and unsubdued, he stood before Claudius seated on the imperial throne, with the Empress Agrippina at his side, and delivered the speech which has lived in history through nearly two thousand years :

‘If I had had, O Cæsar, in prosperity, a prudence

equal to my birth and my fortune, I should have entered this city as a friend, and not as a captive ; and, possibly, thou wouldst not have disdained the alliance of a man descended from illustrious ancestors, who gave laws to several nations. My fate this day appears as sad for me as it is glorious for thee. I had horses, soldiers, arms, and treasures : is it surprising that I should have used them, and regret the loss of them ? If it is thy will to command the universe, is that a reason we should voluntarily accept slavery ? Had I yielded sooner, thy fortune and thy glory would have been less, and oblivion soon have followed my execution. If thou sparest my life, I shall be an eternal monument of thy clemency.'

To the honour of Claudius he did spare the noble man's life, and commanded him to be treated with all respect.

Tradition says he was a fellow-prisoner with St. Paul at Rome, and that their release took place about the same time, and that he heard the doctrines of the Christian faith from the lips of that Apostle, and that he and his attendants returned into Britain and were the first to preach the Gospel to their countrymen. Other traditions relate that Linus, first Bishop of Rome, and Claudia (2 Tim. iv. 21), who were undoubtedly Britons, went there in the train of, if they were not near relatives of, Caractacus.

Dramatists and poets have found the history and traditions of Caractacus ever a fruitful theme. Bernard Barton's version of the chieftain's speech alone shall be given here :

- ‘ Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,
 From Claudius on his throne
 Down to the meanest slave that bowed
 At his imperial throne ;
 Silent his fellow-captive’s grief,
 As fearless spoke the island chief :
- “ Think not, thou eagle-lord of Rome,
 And master of the world,
 Though victory’s banner o’er thy dome
 In triumph be unfurled,
 I would address thee as thy slave,
 But as the bold should greet the brave.
- “ I might, perchance, could I have deigned
 To hold a vassal’s throne,
 E’en now in Britain’s isle have reigned
 A king in name alone,
 Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
 A monarch’s mimic pageantry.
- “ Then through Rome’s crowded streets to day
 I might have rode with thee,
 Not in a captive’s base array,
 But fetterless and free—
 If freedom he could hope to find,
 Whose bondage is of heart and mind.
- “ But can’st thou marvel that, free born,
 With heart and soul unquelled,
 Throne, crown, and sceptre, I should scorn
 By thy permission held ?
 Or that I should retain my right
 Till wrested by a conqueror’s might ?
- “ Rome, with her palaces and towers,
 By us unwished, unreft,
 Her homely huts and woodland bowers
 To Britain might have left ;
 Worthless to you their wealth must be,
 But dear to us, for they are free !

“I might have bowed before, but where
 Had been thy triumph now?
 To my resolve no yoke to bear
 Thou ow’st thy laurelled brow;
 Inglorious victory had been thine,
 And more inglorious bondage mine.

“Now I have spoken, do thy will;
 Be life or death my lot,
 Since Britain’s throne no more I fill,
 To me it matters not.
 My fame is clear; but on my fate
 Thy glory or thy shame must wait.”

‘He ceased: from all around upsprung
 A murmur of applause;
 For well had truth and freedom’s tongue
 Maintained their holy cause.
 The conqueror was the captive then,
 He bade the slave be free again.’

JARL SIWARD’S DEATH.

‘Gird me my trusty armour on!
 Is it meet that I thus should lie?
 Bring me the arms I loved to wield,
 And shout the wild battle-cry.’

Siward, Earl of Northumbria, stood in the front rank of Saxonized Danes in England in the days of Edward the Confessor.

When Edward succeeded to the throne in 1043 A.D., Siward, Leofric, and Godwin were the support and counsellors of the peaceful king. Great in council, yet greater was Siward on the battle-field, and many a time was his prowess proved in the Scottish wars.

Duncan, King of Scotland, had married the earl’s sister, and when that monarch was murdered in 1039 A.D., the young Prince Malcolm fled from his father’s murderers to the protection of his uncle Siward. The

potent earl gathered his followers and marched to avenge his brother-in-law's death and replace his nephew. A fierce battle ensued. Osborn, the earl's eldest son, was slain; so was his nephew; so, too, were a large number of his retainers. But the usurping king fled, and much spoil fell into the hands of Siward. Nothing would console him, however, for the loss of his first-born—Osborn—until he was told, in response to his minute inquiries, that the young hero fell in the forefront of the battle, and all the wounds he bore were in front. Then the warrior-father was satisfied, and resumed his serenity.

In the year 1055 A.D., the end of the brave old earl was evidently approaching. When he became aware that such was the case, he aroused himself, complained of the shame of being called to die so ignoble a death in his own house in peace. He who had been a soldier all his life—had braved over and over again the storms and the dangers of battle-fields—to die as an ordinary mortal in his bed! How could he bear the shame of it! He called for his coat of mail, for his helmet, his shield, and his battle-axe. They were brought to him. His attendants raised his giant form upon the couch, and, at his urgent request, invested him with his armour, girt on his sword, placed his battle-axe in the tottering hand, and his shield upon his arm.

Thus would he meet death—the last enemy. And thus the enemy found him, for no sooner had he been thus accoutred than he sank back upon his couch, and his brave spirit passed away. This took place at York in 1055 A.D. He was interred with great pomp in the monastery which he had founded, named Galmanho,

the site of which does not seem to have been definitely identified, but is usually believed to have been that on which the Abbey of St. Mary, near that city, was afterwards erected.

An East Riding poet, taken away, alas! too soon—the late Mr. D. D. Lamplough, of Hull—has beautifully versified this tradition :

‘ Gird me my trusty armour on !
 Is it meet that I thus should lie ?
 Bring me the arms I loved to wield,
 And shout the wild battle-cry.
 ‘ Let me meet the silent conqueror now,
 In a chieftain’s warlike pride,
 With my trusted armour girded on,
 And the good sword by my side !
 ‘ ’Twas ever thus we were wont to meet
 In the battle’s deadly rout ;
 Amid the clash of contending steel
 And the foeman’s vengeful shout !
 ‘ I never quailed at his presence then—
 Shall he deem me craven now
 That the palsy shakes my aged limbs
 And the death-damp chills my brow ?
 ‘ No ! dress me in my warlike gear—
 Let me claim a conqueror’s right—
 A warrior waiting him to meet,
 Equipped as for coming fight.’

HAREWOOD, AND THE LEGEND OF EDGAR AND ELFRIDA.

‘ What fairer grove than Harewood knows—
 More woodland walks, more fragrant gales—
 More shadowy bowers, inviting soft repose,
 More streams slow-wand’ring thro’ her winding vales ?’

MASON.

The claims of our Yorkshire Harewood to have been the scene of the denouement of the legend of King Edgar

and the fair Elfrida are very shadowy indeed. Yet so frequently has it been assigned to this place, and some reasons given for such, that it would be an unpardonable omission to leave the story, and its Yorkshire locale, altogether unnoticed in a collection like this.

Harewood, now the beautiful domain of the Earl of Harewood, is situated a few miles to the north of Leeds, and in the well-known valley of the Wharf. In its modern mansion, its ancient castle, its interesting church with valuable monuments, including that of Judge Gascoigne, and its extensive forest-like park, Harewood has many claims upon the interest of Yorkshiremen, even when the legend before us is handed over to its Hampshire rival.

Edgar, King of England, about the year 960 A.D., heard, through the gossip of those about his court, of the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of Orgar, Earl of Devonshire, dwelling then at her father's house near Andover. The king sent his friend and courtier, Earl Ethelwold, to see the lady and report, intending, if her beauty was equal to the accounts which had reached him, to make her his queen.

Ethelwold went, saw, and, alas! was conquered. He fell deeply in love with the lady himself, and being a nobleman, known to be high in favour with his sovereign, he secured her favour, privately married, and, when he could delay no longer, returned to his royal master.

Asked for his report upon the lady, he replied 'That the king had been misinformed. The lady, indeed, was fairly beautiful, but many ladies about his court were more well-favoured than Elfrida.' Edgar was

satisfied, and when, after a time, he was solicited to sanction the marriage of Ethelwold with the lady whose beauty might not satisfy a king, yet might suffice for a subject, no jealousy was aroused in the royal mind. Ethelwold, however, took the precaution to remove his beautiful wife to his remote domain at Werwelleye, afterwards called Harewood, in order that she might live as far as possible from the royal court.

The voice of fame, however, could not be stilled. Reports of the marvellous beauty of Elfrida still found their way to the king's ears, and he resolved, under the pretence of holding a hunting-party in the neighbourhood of Harewood, to see for himself.

Ethelwold was struck with consternation, and exercised all his courtier-arts to prevent the royal intention; but in vain. He hurried away to his wife's retreat to prepare her for the visit, and for his monarch's due entertainment.

He appeared before her with woe-begone countenance. She inquired the reason. He fell down on his knees before her, and told her the whole truth as to his duplicity to both the king and herself.

Mason, in his beautiful dramatic poem, 'Elfrida,' completely changes the character of the heroine, and presents her as an angel of light, rather than the worldly woman always represented in the legend. Still, a portion of the scene from that poem between husband and wife is worth quoting :

Elfrida. Does Ethelwold distrust Elfrida's faith?

Ethelwold. No; but he much distrusts Elfrida's beauty.

Elfrida. Away; you trifle.

Ethelwold. Never more in earnest;

I would not, for the throne which Edgar sits on,
That Edgar should behold it.

Elfrida. What, my lord,
Think you the face that caught your single heart
Will make all hearts its captive? Vain surmise!
Yet, grant it could : the face is yours alone ;
Not Edgar's self would dare to seize it from you.
Edgar is a king, and not a tyrant.

Ethelwold. True,
Edgar's a king, a just one ; his firm feet
Walk ever in the fore-right road of honour.
Nor do I know what lure can draw his steps
Devious from that straight path, save only one—
That tempting lure of beauty.

So much for the poet. The legend tells a different story.

Elfrida learned that she had lost a crown. At the approach of the king she attired herself in her richest garments, and put on all the allurements that her feminine arts had taught her. The king saw how much he had been deceived, and at once fell a victim to Elfrida's charms. He, however, said nothing; but his silence did not deceive Ethelwold as to his own danger.

The king proposed one more hunting party before his departure. Ethelwold felt that it boded no good to him.

Edgar. Now on, my lords. Fair wonder of thy sex,
Adieu. We'll straight unto our realm of Mercia.
Yet first, as was our purpose, thro' this forest
We'll chase the nimble roebuck : may the sport
More please us than we hope. Earl Ethelwold,
Thou, too, must join our train. Follow us straight.

The king watched his opportunity, and, in a lonely part of Harewood Forest, so runs the legend, he cried out, addressing Ethelwold : ‘Villain, you have deceived

me!' and struck a javelin, or hunting-spear, through his heart.

Mason's version of the nobleman's death is somewhat different. It is related to Elfrida by Edwin, a squire attendant upon Ethelwold, who accompanied him and the king in the chase :

Hear the worst, Elfrida.

Soon as the stag had left yon westward thicket,
The King dismissed his lords, each sev'ral ways,
To their best sport, bidding Earl Ethelwold,
Lord Ardulph, and myself, attend his person.
Thus parted from the rest, the monarch pierc'd
A darkling dell, which open'd in a lawn
Thick-set with elm around. Suddenly, here
He turn'd his steed, and cry'd, 'This place befits
Our purpose well.'

* * * * *

King Edgar spake. Now hear me, Ethelwold ;
Thy King has pardoned this thy trait'rous act ;
From all disloyal baseness to thy prince
Thou stand'st absolv'd ; yet know there still remains
Somewhat to cancel more. As man to man,
As friend to friend, now, Ethelwold, I call thee
Straight to defend thy life with thy good sword.
Nay, answer not, defend it gallantly.
If thy arm prosper, this my dying tongue
Shall pardon thee, and bless thee. If thou fall'st,
Thy parting breath must to my right resign
Elfrida's beauties. At the word both drew,
Both fought, but Ethelwold with ill-played passion.
He aim'd his falchion at the monarch's head,
Only to leave his own brave breast defenceless ;
And, on the instant, Edgar's rapid sword
Pierced my dear master's breast.

The poet makes the widow, Elfrida, faithful to her husband's memory, take the vow of a holy sisterhood, and raise a convent on the place where he fell :

'Hear, first, that Ethelwold's sad widow swears
To rear a hallow'd convent o'er the place
Where stream'd his blood ; there will she weep through life,
Immur'd with this chaste throng of virgins ; there
Each day shall six times hear her full-voic'd choir
Chant the slow requiem o'er her martyr'd lord.'

Legend, however, and sober history supports it, declares that Elfrida lost little time before she gave her hand to the king, and so won the crown of which Ethelwold's duplicity had so nearly deprived her.

It may be well to quote the testimony of some authorities who bring the scene of this tragedy to Harewood in Yorkshire, though, as has already been said, the evidence, on the whole, does not balance the stronger evidence of history that it was elsewhere.

William of Malmesbury, about 1140 A.D., says :
'Edgar took Athelwold into a wood (Harewood Forest) upon pretence of hunting, and killed him there with his lance.'

Higdon, in his 'Polychronicon,' 1342 A.D., writes :
'Thenne whan the Kynge saw the woman, he beganne to brenne in her love, and made it as thoughe he was not wrothe, and hadde the Erle with hym for to hunt in the Wode of Werwellye, that now is called Hoorewoode. There the Kynge smate hym thorughe with a shafte. Afterwarde for clensying of this dede, this Elfrytha buyld an abbaye of nonnes at Warwell.'

The hamlet of Weardley, close by the present Harewood Park, in name, certainly, might be the Werwellye of the chronicler, and the Hoorewood, Harewood ; but no 'abbaye of nonnes' is known to correspond with that of Warwell. The neighbouring nunnery at

Arthington was founded by Peter de Arthington, and not until the middle of the twelfth century, or three hundred years after the days of Edgar and Elfrida. It might, however, have been a re-foundation at this period.

Hargrove, in his 'History of Knaresbro', preserves a local tradition as to the exact spot where Ethelwold fell, and the evidence of the tradition may be taken for what it is worth.

'About half a mile,' writes he, 'from this Castle (of Harewood), and in the centre of a thick wood, is an open space of about one acre, called to this day *Chesne*, that is, the *Plain of the Wood*, which has been kept clear of trees from a very remote period. It has been supposed that this is the place where, about the year 963 A.D., Ethelwold fell a sacrifice to the resentment of his royal master, King Edgar, seduced by the fascinating charms of the fair Elfrida.'

KING HENRY VI. IN CRAVEN.

'Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;
 Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed :
 No bending knee shall call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suitors press to seek for right ;
 No, not a man comes for redress to thee ;
 For how can I help them and not myself ?'

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Act III., Sc. 1.

After the battle of Hexham, May 15, 1463 A.D., so fatal to the cause of the Red Rose, the unfortunate king, Henry VI., fled to the remote district of Craven, upon the borders of Lancashire, and was there concealed by his adherents—Sir Ralph Pudsay, of Bolton Hall, Sir John Tempest, of Bracewell and Waddington

Halls, and the monks of Whalley Abbey, for several months. He chiefly resided with Sir Ralph Pudsey at Bolton. The liberty of the fugitive must have been very circumscribed, and the summer days being hot, he longed for the exercise and luxury of a cold bath. No bathing place being available within the precincts of the hall, he determined to find a cool spring, and to induce his hospitable host to construct for him the necessary convenience. With hazel divining-rod in hand, he issued forth into the walled garden of the hall. There the mystic wand soon indicated the presence of water beneath the surface. Workmen quickly dug out the soil, water issued in abundance, and the well, in the shape of a bath, was constructed for the monarch's use. This well is said to still remain, and to be known, even to this day, by the name of 'King Harry's Well.'

In gratitude to his entertainer, the king is said to have prayed that the well might flow on for ever, and so also, like it, the family of his host.

'O, may it flow eternally,
And while the spring shall bubble,
May you and yours live peaceably,
Freed from all care and trouble.
And while it murmurs down yon vale,
O, may no son or daughter
Of Pudsey's lineage ever fail
To drink this crystal water.
What though with honour and largesse
You ne'er may be requited,
Your loyalty and my distress
Shall ever be united.
With fair hewn stones let this be walled—
Stones that will perish never—
And then the fountain shall be called.
"King Henry's Well" for ever.'

LITLEDAL, *Craven Legends*.

THE KING'S BETRAYAL.

' If you be a king crown'd with content,
 Your crown content, and you must be contented
 To go along with us ; for, as we think,
 You are the king, King Edward hath deposed ;
 And we, his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.'

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Act III., Sc. I.

Henry remained concealed, as just related, for a few months, but his presence became known through, it is said, the instrumentality of William Cantlowe, 'a blacke monk' of Abingdon. Thomas Talbot, son and heir of Edmund Talbot of Bashall, with others of the neighbourhood, determined to capture him and surrender him to his rival, Edward IV., on the first convenient opportunity. While he was quietly seated at dinner one day at Waddington Hall, with Sir John Tempest and Dr. Manning, Dean of Windsor, the conspirators surrounded the house. Henry endeavoured to escape. He fled by a back door and gained the stepping-stones, called 'Bungerley Hipping,' across the Ribble, in a wood known as Clitheroe Wood. There he was overtaken and captured, and, in the words of the old chronicler, 'caryed to Londone on horse bake, and his lege bownde to the styrope, and so brought through Londone to the Toure, where he was kepte long time.'

The Talbots and their associates were well rewarded by Edward IV. for their treachery to his rival. The rewards, however, brought them no good. Tradition relates that Henry prophesied that 'there should be nine generations of Talbots, consisting alternately of

a wise man and a fool, so that what the one should gain the other should lose, and then the name should become extinct.'

One of the men associated with the Talbots was Sir James Harrington, who received Thurland Castle and other estates from Edward; only, however, to lose them again, when once more the Red Rose was in the ascendant after Bosworth Field. In Aryngton's '*Nugæ Antiquæ*,' a descendant of Sir James writes: 'My ancestor did once take prisoner, with his party, this poor prince; for which the House of York did grant him a parcel of land in the northern counties, and which he was fool enough to lose again, after the battle of Bosworth, when King Henry the Seventh came to the crown.'

At Bolton Hall, besides 'King Harry's Well,' there is a room still called 'King Henry's Room;' and until some fifty years ago there were several relics left behind him by the king in his hasty flight, preserved at the Hall. At Waddington Hall, now reduced to base uses, there is yet the 'King's Chamber,' and near it the field still called 'King Henry's Meadow.' And, although Henry was never canonized as a saint, the monks of Whalley so revered him as a holy man that they dedicated a chapel (so says Whitaker) to St. Mary and St. Henry; while elsewhere he was long spoken of as 'the holy king.'

THE SHEPHERD LORD CLIFFORD AND 'THE NUTE-BROWNE MAYDE.'

There are few historical persons around whom more of romance and tradition have gathered than Henry,

tenth Lord Clifford—usually called ‘The Shepherd Lord.’

When his father, ‘the Black-faced Clifford,’ fell, with the falling throne of the Red Rose, at the battle of Towton, the Lady Clifford, heiress of the Lords de Vesci, of Londesborough, was with her sons—Henry, aged seven years; Richard, still younger; and one daughter, Elizabeth—at Skipton Castle, anxiously awaiting tidings of her lord. ‘Ill news travels apace,’ and soon she knew that she was a widow, her children fatherless, the house attainted, and all its possessions confiscated by the victorious Edward of York.

Her first thought was the safety of her sons. A nursemaid of the eldest child had married a dependent of the family, and to her the Lady Clifford determined to entrust her firstborn. Disguised as a peasant boy, he was to pass as the son of his foster-mother. Together the family—the man, his wife, their own two children, and young Clifford—were sent to the neighbourhood of the lady’s old home at Londesborough. There the man was given the position of a shepherd upon her father’s estate, and in his humble cottage, assisting him in his shepherd’s work as his own son, lived for several years the heir of the proud Cliffords, lords of Shipton and of Westmoreland, and of lands extending from Craven to the heart of Westmoreland. Lady Clifford no doubt kept up communication with the foster-parents, and, as much as she dared, with her beloved boy, if, indeed, she did not altogether reside with her father, the Baron de Vesci, at Londesborough.

In 1566 A.D. Lord de Vesci died, and Lady Clifford, as his heiress, succeeded to the estate. About this

time the shepherd and his family, with their young charge, were suddenly removed to the neighbourhood of Threlkeld, in the fells of Cumberland. Tradition says this was done because of suspicions gaining currency, among the youth's enemies, of his being hid in the vicinity of his mother's paternal home, but more probably because the Lady Clifford was about to marry, for her second husband, Sir Lancelot de Threlkeld, of Threlkeld, and she was anxious that her son, with his guardians, should be near to her in her new home, and might grow up there to man's estate under her own eye.

It is not probable that she allowed him thus to grow up in ignorance of his noble birth and estate, or that he was left, as is often represented, with no instructors but those which nature and his occupation furnished to him. It was no 'gracious fairy' who met him

' In semblance of a lady fair,
And taught him signs and showed him sights
In Craven's dens, in Cumbria's heights ;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely gray.'

His existence, his condition, and his whereabouts were, no doubt, tolerably well known to the friends and retainers of the family.

In 1567 A.D., Henry Hartlington, Esq., of Hartlington, who had served under the Cliffords for at least two generations, made his will, and left to the youth, Henry Clifford, 'his sword and a standing cup of silver.' Upon this Whitaker remarks, 'A sword and a standing goblet of silver were no legacies for a shepherd's boy. Indeed, a bequest to the heir of this

attainted family by name, in a testament which must be publicly proved in the Ecclesiastical Court of York, leads to a suspicion that the concealment of Henry Clifford was not so entire, nor his situation so dangerous, as tradition has represented it.'

Thus, in the immediate vicinity of his stepfather's castle, and under the observation of his devoted mother, grew up to man's estate the Clifford heir, in semi-concealment, outlawed and attainted, but more or less acquainted with his high position.

The hero of the exquisite ballad of 'The Nute-browne Mayde' has been usually said, by tradition, to have been Henry Clifford, or 'Madcap Harry,' son of the shepherd lord; but here tradition is probably wrong.

Mr. B. J. Harker, in his 'Rambles in Upper Wharfedale,' notices this tradition, and then remarks that the proofs of the heroship are as much in favour of the father as the son.

Many of the incidents of the ballad are applicable to either the father, when in hiding at Threlkeld, or to the son, when living as an outlaw, though not formally or legally 'outlawed,' about the time when he met with his second wife, Margaret Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. The date of this marriage was about 1516 A.D. But against the son, 'Madcap Harry,' being the hero, there is the opinion that the ballad belongs to about 1500 A.D., and also the statement that it was first printed in Arnold's Chronicle in 1502 A.D. As Harry was only born in 1493 A.D., he would be but nine years of age at the date of the ballad's publication. If, however, as some say, the publication of the ballad

was not before 1620, there is still evidence that Harry was ever in hiding as an outlaw in the vicinity of Lord Percy's seat at Alnwick, while Henry Clifford, the father, was undoubtedly in hiding, 'an outlawed man,' near Threlkeld Castle, where 'the baron's daughter,' and 'of a greate lineage,' Anne, daughter of St. John of Bletso, was residing for a time. If, therefore, the tradition is to be identified with either of the Cliffords, it seems to belong to the Shepherd of Threlkeld rather than to his son.

To proceed with the story. The shepherd youth had grown up to man's estate. His foster brothers and sisters, one by one, had married among those of their own degree, and he was left alone with the worthy couple by whom he had been reared and protected.

About this time there came a gentleman of noble family and large estate, Sir John St. John, of Bletso, in Bedfordshire, bringing with him his daughter, Anne, in the full tide of her youth and beauty, on a visit to Sir Lancelot Threlkeld and his noble lady.

This lady and the well-favoured shepherd met, as stated in the ballad, when she was riding about the park and woods of Threlkeld Castle, and he, the outlawed man, following his daily occupation in the same places.

Upon the accession of Henry VII., after the fall of the House of York at the battle of Bosworth Field, Henry Clifford was recalled to the honours of his forefathers, and to the castle-homes of his own early childhood, and all the wide estates of the Cliffords were restored to him. This inspired Wordsworth's song, 'The Feast of Brougham Castle,'

at which, 'Fair greeting doth' the Red Rose of Lancaster

'Send to all
From every corner of the hall ;
But chiefly from above the board,
Where sits in state our rightful lord,
A Clifford to his own restored.'

And it was shortly after this event and universal rejoicing that Henry, tenth Lord Clifford of Skipton, and Lord of Westmoreland and Vesci, led to the altar the beautiful Anne of Bletso, the lady of highest birth, allied even to royalty, whom he had met at Threlkeld.

In this connection the introduction of the too-little known ballad of 'The Nute-Browne Mayde' will be pardoned. The old spelling has been modernized, except where the rhythm or rhyme of the poem forbids it, and then the word is in italics :

Be it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complain ;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them well, for never a deal
They love a man again :
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover *than* (then)
Laboureth for naught ; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said,
That woman's faith is, as one saith,
All utterly decayed ;

But nevertheless right good witness
 In this case might be laid,
 That they love true, and continue,
 Record the Nut-brown Maid ;
 Which from her love, when her to prove,
 He came to make his moan,
 Would not depart ; for in her heart
 She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
 What was all the mannèr
 Between them two : we will also
 Tell all the pain and fear
 That she was in. Now I begin,
 So that ye me *answère* ;
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be,
 I pray you, give an ear.
 I am the knight ; I come by night,
 As secret as I can ;
 Saying, ' Alas ! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banished man.'

She.

And I your will for to fulfil
 In this will not refuse ;
 Trusting to show in *wordès* few,
 That men have an ill use
 (To their own shame) women to blame,
 And causeless them accuse ;
 Therefore to you, I answer now,
 All women to excuse,
 Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer ?
 I pray you tell anon,
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you *alon(e)*.

He.

It standeth so : a deed is done
 Whereof much harm shall grow ;
 My destiny is for to die
 A shameful death, I trow ;

Or else to flee ; the one must be.
 None other way I know,
 But to withdraw as an outlaw,
 And take me to my bow.
 Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true
 None other *rede* I can ;
 For I must to the green-wood go
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

O Lord, what is this world's bliss,
 That changeth as the moon ?
 My summer's day in lusty May
 Is darked before the noon.
 I hear you say, farewell ; nay, nay,
 We depart not so soon.
 Why say ye so ? Whither will ye go ?
 Alas ! what have ye done ?
 All my welfare to sorrow and care
 Should change, if ye were gone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

I can believe, it shall you grieve,
 And somewhat you distraint ;
 But, afterward, your *painès* hard
 Within a day or twain,
 Shall soon *aslake* ; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you again.
 Why should you *nought*, for, to take thought,
 Your labour were in vain ?
 And thus I do ; and pray you too,
 As heartily as I can ;
 For I must to the green-wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

Now, since that ye have showed to me
 The secret of your mind,
 I shall be plain to you again,
 Like as ye shall me find.

Since it is so, that ye will go,
 I will not stay behind ;
 Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid,
 Was to her love unkind ;
 Make ye ready, for so am I,
 Although it were *anoon* ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

Yet I you *rede*, to take good heed
 What men will think and say ;
 Of young and old it shall be told,
 That ye be gone away,
 Your wanton will for to fulfil,
 In green-wood you to play ;
 And that ye might for your delight
 No longer make delay.
 Rather than ye should thus for me
 Be called an ill woman,
 Yet would I to the green-wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

Though it be sung of old and young,
 That I should be to blame,
 Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
 In hurting of my name ;
 For I will prove, that faithful love
 It is devoid of shame ;
 In your distress and heaviness,
 To part with you, the same ;
 And sure all *tho* (those), that do not so,
 True lovers are they none ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

counsel you remember how,
 It is no maiden's law,
 Nothing to doubt, but to run out
 To wood with an outlaw ;

For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, to bere and draw ;
And, as a thief, thus must ye live,
Ever in dread and awe ;
Whereby to you great harm might grow ;
Yet had I *lever* (rather) than,
That I should to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man.

She.

I think but nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot,
To get us meat and store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more ;
From which to part, it maketh my heart,
As cold as any stone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

He.

For an outlaw, this is the law,
That men him take and bind ;
Without pity, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need (as God forbid !)
What rescue could ye find ?
For sooth, I trow, ye, and your bow
Should draw for fear behind.
And no marvel ! for little avail,
Were in your counsel *than* (then) ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.

Full well know ye that women be
But feeble for the fight ;
No womanhood is it indeed
To be bold as a knight :

Yet, in such fear if that ye were
 Among enemies day and night,
 I would withstand with bow in hand,
 To grieve them as I might,
 And you to save ; as women have
 From death men many one :
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

Yet take good heed ; for ever I dread
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
 The snow, the frost, the rain,
 The cold, the heat ; for dry, or *wete*,
 We must lodge on the plain ;
 And, us above, none other roof
 But a brake bush, or twain ;
 Which soon would grieve you, I believe,
 And ye would gladly *than*
 That I had to the green-wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

Since I have here been *partynère*
 With you of joy and bliss,
 I must also part of your woe
 Endure, as reason is ;
 Yet am I sure of one pleasùre,
 And, shortly, it is this,—
 That, where ye be, me seemeth, *perdè*,
 I could not fare amiss.
 Without more speech, I you beseech,
 That we were soon a-gone ;
 For in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

He.

If ye go thither, ye must consider,
 When we have lust to dine,
 There shall no meat be for to get,
 Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.

No *sheet's* clean, to lie between,
 Made of thread and twine ;
 None other house, but leaves and boughs,
 To cover your head and mine ;
 So mine heart sweet, this evil diët
 Should make you pale and wan ;
 Wherefore I will to the green-wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

Among the wild deer, such an *archère*,
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may not fail of good *vitàyle*,
 Where is so great plenty.
 And water clear of the *ryvère*
 Shall be full sweet to me ;
 With which in *hele* (health), I shall right *weel*
 Endure, as ye shall see ;
 And, or we go, a bed or two
 I can provide *anone* ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

Lo ! yet, before, ye must do more,
 If ye will go with me ;
 As cut your hair up by your ear,
 Your kirtle by your knee ;
 With bow in hand, for to withstand
 Your enemies, if need be ;
 And this same night, before day-light,
 To wood-ward will I flee.
 And if ye will, all this fulfil,
 Do it shortly as ye can ;
 Else will I to the green-wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

I shall as now do more for you
 Than 'longeth to *womanhede* ;
 To short my hair, a bow to bear,
 To shoot in time of need.

O my sweet mother, before all other
 For you have I most dread ;
 But now adieu, I must ensue,
 Where fortune doth me lead.
 All this make ye : now let us flee ;
 The day comes fast upon,
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
 And I shall tell you why,—
 Your appetite is to be light
 Of love, I well espy.
 For, like as ye have said to me,
 In like wise hardly
 Ye would *answere* whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold ;
 And so is a woman,
 Wherefore I to the wood will go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She.

If ye take heed, it is no need
 Such words to say to me ;
 For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
 Or I you loved, *perdè* ;
 And though that I of ancestry
 A baron's daughter be,
 Yet have you proved how I you loved
 A squire of low degree ;
 And ever shall, whatso befall,
 To die therefore *anon(e)* ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

A baron's child to be beguiled !
 It were a cursed deed ;
 To be fellow with an outlaw !
 Almighty God *forbade* !

You better were, the poor squire
Alone in forest *yede*,
Than ye should say, another day,
That, by my wicked deed,
Ye were betrayed ; wherefore, good maid,
The best *rede* that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.

Whatsoever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid ;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember ye well, how that ye deal ;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

He.

If that ye went, ye should repent ;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you ;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow ;
And if you both, each should be wroth
With other, as I trow ;
It were mine ease, to live in peace ;
So will I, if I can ;
Wherefore, I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.

Though in the wood I understood,
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your :

And she shall find me soft and kind,
 And courteous every hour ;
 Glad to fulfil all that she will
 Command me to my power ;
 For had ye, lo ! an hundred *mo* (more),
 Yet would I be that one ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

Mine own dear love, I see thee prove,
 That ye be kind and true ;
 Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
 The best that ever I knew.
 Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is changed new ;
 For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
 You should have cause to rue.
 Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
 To you, when I began :
 I will not to the green wood go,
 I am no banished man.

She.

These tidings be more glad to me,
 Than to be made a queen,
 If I were sure they should endure :
 But it is often seen,
 When men will break promise, they *speke*
 The words upon the *splene* (sudden),
 Ye shape some wile to me beguile,
 And steal from me, I wene :
 But, then, were the case worse than it was,
 And I more woe-begone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

He.

Ye shall not need further to *drede*,
 I will not disparage
 You (God defend !), since you descend
 Of a great lineage.

Now understand ; to Westmoreland,
 Which is my heritage,
 I will you bring ; and with a ring,
 By way of marriage,
 I will you take, and lady make,
 As shortly as I can ;
 Thus have ye won an earl's son,
 And not a banished man.

Author.

Here may ye see, that women be
 In love, meek, kind, and stable ;
 Let never man reprove them *than* (then),
 Or call them variable ;
 But rather, pray God that we may
 To them be comfortable :
 Which sometimes proveth, such as he loveth,
 If they be charitable.
 For since men would that women should,
 Be meek to them each one ;
 Much more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but Him alone.

After his restoration to his estate and honours, Lord Clifford took up his residence at Barden Tower, one of his smaller houses, near Bolton Priory. His quiet life among the Cumberland hills had given him a taste for retirement, peaceful pursuits, and literature, and in his retreat at Barden, in close proximity to the monks of Bolton, he found the gratification of his taste, far more than he could have done in the royal court or on 'the tented field' so loved by his ancestors. His elder son, also named Henry, was sent to court, and was brought up with Henry VIII., and was one of the boon companions of that monarch in his youthful days. His wild ways and extravagant habits proved a great trial to his father in his quiet retreat at Barden. But more of this anon.

Once only was the shepherd lord called away from his peaceful pursuits to more stirring scenes. In 1513 A.D., when nearly sixty years of age, he was appointed to a chief command against the Scots, and took a leading part in the battle of Flodden Field.

‘When he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden Field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow ;
The fatal end of Scotland’s king,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might ;

* * * * *

Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden’s humble quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton’s dear fraternity ;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky ;
Or in their cells with him did pry
For other lore, through strong desire
Searching the earth with chemic fire.’

WORDSWORTH.

He returned from the battle of Flodden to Barden Tower, and there he spent the remaining ten years of his life in the midst of his family. He died in 1523 A.D., at the good old age of seventy years.

LORD HENRY CLIFFORD AND THE MONKS OF BOLTON.

Now, list, ye lords and ladyes fair !
Ye sturdy hinds as well !
Now, lithe of Clifforde's outlaw'd heir,
"Young Harry of the dell."
Now, hearken ! how that graceless boy,
Became his father's pride ;
Eftsoon, he worked him mickle joy,
Eke, how he won his bride.'

W. H. LEATHAM.

One great trial disturbed the peace of the shepherd Lord Clifford amid his retirement at Barden, and that was the shameful conduct of his eldest son, Henry Clifford.

There is a letter extant, given in Whitaker's 'History of Craven,' from the unhappy father to a privy councillor of Henry VIII., in which grievous complaint is made of his son's unsatisfactory mode of life. He reminds his correspondent that he had aforetime showed both unto him and to the king and his council, of 'the ungodly and ungodely disposition of his sonne, Henrie Clifforde,' despising his commands and threatening his servants, that 'if aught came to mee,' he would utterly destroy all, and striking with his own hand 'my pore servaunt Henrie Popeley.' He also 'spoiled my houses, and feloniously stole away my propre goods' only of malice, and to support 'his inordinate pride and ryot,' and more especially at the time he left the court and came into the country, 'aparelyd himself and hys horse in cloth of golde, and goldsmyth's work, more lyk a duke than a pore baron's sonne as hee ys. Hys dailie studyng beinge how hee

myght utterlye destroy me, hys pore fader, as well by slaunders shamful and daungerous as by daylie otherwyse vexying and inquyetyng my mynde to the shortenyng of my pore lyfe.' And notwithstanding that he had 'giffen him xl^l and over,' and desired him to give up the dangerous and evil counsel of certain evil-disposed persons, 'as well yonge gents as others,' as he had already showed unto the King's grace and others, and pointed out that 'yf his shameful dispositions were not lokyd upon, and something promysed by his Hyghness to bryng hym to dred, he sholde bee utterlie undone for ever as well bodilie as ghostlie.' He complains that his evil dispositions increase, that he stirreth up strife among their neighbours, 'and troblith divers housys of religioun, to bring from them ther tythes, shamfully betyng ther tenaunts and servaunts in such wyse as some whol townes are fayne to kepe the churches bothe nighte and daye, and dare not com att ther own housys.'

Much as this unlawful conduct troubled the old lord, little effect had the complaint upon Henry VIII. in the way of inducing him to do something to bring his former boon companion 'to dred.'

The date of this letter is fixed by Whitaker about 1512 or 1513, that is, just before the Earl was called upon to lead the men of Craven to Flodden Field, and when the son would be about twenty years of age.

Two legends springing out of these circumstances—one referring to an attack on Bolton's Monks by Henry and his lawless companions, and the other to his appearing as a nameless knight, with the golden braid

of Earl Percy's daughter, whom he had met in secret, on his helm upon the field at Flodden, and, by his brave and gallant conduct, turning the tide of battle, and winning his spurs and the admiration of Earl Surrey and of his own aged father—have been well rendered into verse by W. H. Leatham, Esq., in his poem 'Henrie Clifforde and Margaret Percie.'

An extract from Canto I. gives the substance of the former story :

' Their beads were told, their prayers were said,
The monks of Bolton were abed,
Save Prior Moyne, whose lamp was lit,
For his was many a studious fit,
And oft he vex'd the drowsy night,
In hours from slumber stole,
To pore by this unhallow'd light,
O'er mystic page and scroll.
But, hark ! as thus he sits so late,
A stranger knocks at Bolton's gate.
"Alacke ! A most uncourteous guest !
What ho ! What news ? At whose behest
Dare travellers break our godly rest ?"

" " I come a wayworn pilgrim here,
And fayne would stay till morn."
" Now by our Ladye, if thy gear,
Bespeak the truth forlorn,
Thy tongue were not foresworn,
And Bolton's gate shal op to thee,
In Christian love and courtesy !"

' He spake, and straightway entrance gave :
The pilgrim held his sturdy stave
Within the opening door,
Then, turning, whuted loud and shrill,
Till answering from the woodland hill,
Rose laughter's frantic roar ;

And troop on troop came hurrying down,
 But ill conceal'd in palmer's gown,
 With staff and scallop shell :
 Then wilder still the chiding broke,
 Till ilk affrighted friar woke,
 Within the peaceful dell.

“ How now, good Father Moyne !” quoth they ;
 “ One hundred marks of thee,
 Or thou shalt wend with us away
 Under the green-wood tree !”
 Then one by one, with haggard mien,
 Each sleep-awaken'd monk was seen,
 With ghost-astounded air ;
 For when he viewed the burly knaves,
 Bearded and bronzed, with secret glaives,
 Stand with uplifted oaken staves,
 He mote, in sooth, despair !
 Full well he marked each pilgrim's face
 Was writhed with many a foul grimace
 To see his sorry plight ;
 For Father Moyne was sorely tried,
 Which way to turn the thieves aside,
 Or punish them outright.

“ Now, Prior Moyne ! we must away
 To the green-wood ere break of day,
 And thou shalt with us go !”
 The priest is loath, but yield he must,
 Or pay one hundred marks on trust,
 With mickle wrath and woe.
 The bag is brought, the coin is told,
 And doubly curst the sinners bold,
 Who robbed the Church and filch'd her gold !
 Then swift as lightning through the wood,
 Ilk losel gains the solitude.’

A few lines, from the concluding canto of ‘ Henrie Clifford and Margaret Percie,’ give the dénouement of the other legend, viz., that of the appearance of the strange knight, wearing the fair braid of Earl Percy's daughter, upon the field of Flodden.

The fair Margaret met the returning victors on their way to Alnwick Castle, and the stranger stepped forward from the cavalcade, and on his knee returned to the lady her 'golden fillet bright':

'Then forward steps yon comely knight,
Who wears that golden fillet bright,
And sinks upon his knee ;
"I yield thee back, thou peerless maid,
A soldier's thanks, with this thy braid,
A talisman to me !"

* * * * *

'Then reached she forth her lily hand,
And clasp'd with grace the proffer'd band ;
But as uprose the youth,
A father's eye in wild delight,
Was fix'd upon that comely knight,
"Oh, wonderment in sooth !
And was that gallant youth my son,
Who spurs on bloody Flodden won,
And ravish'd mine old eye ?
Right well I mark'd how boldly press'd
That golden, fillet-wreath'd crest,
Where danger was most nigh !
But little ween'd to see the day
When Henrie's sword should win its way
To deeds of martial pride ;
When outlaw's kirtle cast away,
Yon limbs should shine in stern array,
Like knight of olden tide !"
"Sir Knight," quoth Percy's earl, "pardie !
A double welcome I give thee,
Syth thou be'est Clifford's son ;
I bid thee to my Castle's hall,
That of this wondrous braid we all
May hear from thee anon." '

The story of a lover's meeting, in the woods of Alnwick, explained the presence of the maiden's golden

braid on the warrior's crest, and ere long the poet is called to sing :

'Now, wake my harp ! awake ! and sing
 Of Henrie's wedded bliss !
 Old Skipton's walls were wont to ring
 With no such mirth as this !
 For bride and bridegroom eke are here,
 Young love is fresh as May ;
 Fair Margaret wears her silken gear,
 The groom his doublet gay ;
 In sooth, a comely pair they are,
 Her kirtle trimmed with gold :
 All shining in her raven hair
 Twines Henrie's braid of old.'

After his marriage Henry Clifford settled down to a more sober life, and the closing years of his father's life at Barden were cheered by his return to filial duty, and the duties of his position. Upon his father's death, in 1523, he succeeded to the honours of the house of Clifford, and two years later was created, by the companion of his youth, Henry VIII., Earl of Cumberland, and received other marks of royal favour. At the dissolution of the monasteries, all the fair domains of Bolton Priory fell to his share of the spoil by grants, or at a nominal price. Small was the tribute of 100 marks, which in his youthful freak he filched from Prior Moon, compared with the unhallowed wealth of which he thus became the receiver in the declining years of his life ! Who shall appraise or apportion the guilt of the two transactions ?

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN WENSLEYDALE.

From the evening of the 15th of July, 1568, until the closing days of January (1559 old style), the unfor-

tunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was a captive on Yorkshire soil. Many stories and traditions yet linger about her.

BOLTON CASTLE AND ITS ROYAL PRISONER.

‘ Historic Bolton, thro’ past ages fam’d,
Now by the line of ducal Powletts claim’d,
Where erst the wealthy Scropes in state sojourn’d,
And Scotland’s Queen in tragic durance mourned.’

MAUDE.

On the rocky northern slope of the Wensleydale valley stands out, bare and grim and bold, Bolton Castle. It is the only prison-house of the unfortunate Queen of the Scots yet standing, and, viewed from the valley below, might well be described still in the words Sir Francis Knollys used of it: ‘It is the highest-walled house I have ever seen, and half the number of soldiers might better watch and ward it, than the whole number thereof could do Carlisle Castle.’ Even now it is a noble ruin. Three of the original four corner towers remain, with considerable portions of the connecting walls; several apartments are occupied as dwellings, and others, including ‘Queen Mary’s Room,’ are used for a museum, and other like purposes.

It was built by the first Lord Scrope, Chancellor to Richard II., and father to the unfortunate Archbishop Scrope beheaded at York.

Leland’s (1506-1552) description, in a great measure traditional, is too quaint to be omitted:

‘Yt standethe on a roke side, and all the substance of the lodgyns in it be includyd in four principall towres. Yt was an 18 yerres in buildynge, and the

expencis of every yere came to 1000 marks. Yt was finichied or Kynge Richard the 2 dyed.

‘One thinge I much notyd in the haulte of Bolton, howe chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the syds of the wauls betwyxt the lights of the hault; and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangely conveyed.

‘Moste parte of the tymber that was occupied in buildyng of this castell was felt out of the forest of Engelby in Cumberland; and Richard, Lord Scrope, for conveyauce of it, had layde by the way, divers draughts of oxen to carry it, from place to place, till it cam to Bolton.’

To this castle the unfortunate Mary was brought on the evening of July 15, 1568, and here remained, under the charge of Lord Scrope and his lady, and Sir Francis Knollys, specially deputed by Elizabeth to look after them all, until she was removed, for greater security, to Tutbury, in January, 1569.

She was not a close prisoner, though strictly watched. Knollys wrote, ere she had been a fortnight at Bolton, ‘The queene here is merry, and hunteth, and passeth her time in pleasant manner.’

Of the life of the queen at Bolton, and of some more or less traditional circumstances of it, we have a description by Froude. He says: ‘When Mary was removed from Carlisle to Bolton, the gates of Scrope’s Castle were usually thrown open to the neighbourhood, and the eager knights-errant had free access to her person. When at times she was thought likely to attempt an escape, and the guards were set upon the

alert, loyalty, like love, still found means to penetrate the charmed circle. Every high-spirited young gentleman, whose generosity was stronger than his intelligence, had contrived, in some way, to catch a glance from her eyes, and to hear some soft words from her lips, and from that moment became her slave, body and soul.'

Conspicuous among these youths were the Nortons. The father, Richard Norton, was past middle life at the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Now, in his old age, he was still true to the cause. 'He had bred up eleven stout sons and eight daughters, all, like himself, devout children of Holy Church. One of these, Christopher, had been among the first to enrol himself a knight of Mary Stuart. His religion had taught him to combine subtilty with courage, and through carelessness, or treachery, or his own address, he had been admitted into Lord Scrope's guard at Bolton Castle. There he was at hand to assist his lady's escape, should escape prove possible; there he was able to receive messages or carry them; there to throw the castellan off his guard. He pretended to flirt with her attendants, and twice, at least, by his own confession, closely as the prisoner was watched, he contrived to hold private communications with her.

Two stories of his part in the intrigues are thus described:

'The rooms occupied by Mary opened out of the great hall. An antechamber, and an apartment beyond it, were given up to her servants. Her own bedroom, the third of the series, was at the further extremity.

A plan had been formed to carry her off. Lady Livingston affected to be in love with young Norton, and had pretended to promise him a secret interview in the twilight outside the moat. The queen was to personate the lady, and she and the cavalier were to fly together. It was necessary that Norton should see Mary Stuart to direct her what she was to do. He was on duty in the hall. By a preconcerted arrangement a page in the anteroom took liberties with one of the maids. There was then much screaming, tittering, and confusion. Norton rushed in to keep the peace, and, sheltered under the hubbub, contrived to pass through, and say what he desired to the queen.'

The scheme for the escape, whether the one described in connection with 'The Queen's Gap,' or another, proved abortive.

On another occasion Mary Stuart had something to say to Norton, and this scene—so distinct is the picture, says Froude—may be told in his own words :

'One day when the Queen of the Scots, in winter, had been sitting at the window-side knitting of a work, and the board was covered, she rose and went to the fireside, and, making haste to have the work finished, would not lay it away, but worked of it the time she was warming of herself. She looked for one of her servants, which, indeed, were all gone to fetch up her meat, and, seeing none of her own folk there, called me to hold her work, who was looking at my Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knowles playing of chess. I went, thinking I had deserved no blame, and that it should not have become me to have refused to do it, my Lady Scrope standing there, and many gentlemen in

the chamber, that saw she spake not to me. I think Sir Francis saw not, nor heard when she called of me. But when he had played his mate, he, seeing me standing by the queen, holding of her work, called my captain to him, and asked if I watched. He answered sometimes. Then he gave him commandment that I should watch no more, and said the queen would make a fool of me.' 'Two years later,' adds Froude, 'the poor youth was under the knife of the executioner at Tyburn.'

'THE QUEEN'S GAP.'

About two miles from Bolton Castle, on the ridge of Leyburn Shawl, there is a pass through the hills known as 'The Queen's Gap,' which local tradition has always associated with Mary.

Whether on the occasion that Christopher Norton had a hand in, or some other, the story runs, that the queen was let down from her room by the window, which is still pointed out, and horses being awaiting her and her accomplice or accomplices, she mounted and escaped along the hillside, until she reached this picturesque spot on 'The Shawl.' There she was overtaken by Lord Scrope and his guards, and brought back. The pass since that time—as the place of her re-capture—has been invariably known as 'The Queen's Gap.'

TRADITIONARY PRECAUTIONS.

After the attempts at escape, additional precautions are said to have been taken to secure the queen's safe custody.

Sir Francis Knollys had twelve men, mounted and

armed with pistols, to accompany her and her ladies whenever they took an airing, so as to prevent her riding further or faster than might be safe.

He also refused to furnish provender for Mary's horses, thinking that she would thereby be compelled to give them up, and so save him much anxious watching. But Mary was kept supplied, at this time, with money from France and elsewhere, with which she provided her stud with hay and corn so liberally, that she raised the prices, in the neighbourhood, to an extent which was inconvenient to her custodians. One of them complained, in a letter to Cecil, Elizabeth's secretary, 'Among other wants here, our horse-meat grows marvellously scarce, and dear; for this queen will have it for her own horses, whatsoever she pay, her delight to ride about is such.'

MARY AT NAPPA HALL.

Nappa Hall—one of the oldest in Wensleydale—was for centuries the home of the Metcalfs. Here the queen, during her captivity at Bolton, was permitted to spend two nights, as the guest of Sir Christopher Metcalf.

Among the memorials of her still—or until recently—there, or in possession of the family, are the massive oak bedstead used by the queen, a pair of her hawking-gloves, and an autograph letter. Her visit must have been a pleasant one, for she is said to have frequently since, in a less material form, revisited the place. One lady, who was staying at Nappa so late as 1878, gave the following account to Mrs. MacQuoid of the appearance of the queen's ghost there.

‘I was in the hall, playing hide-and-seek with the farmer’s little girl, a child about four years old. The hall was dimly lighted by a fire, and by a light from a candle in a room in the east tower. While at play someone entered the hall from the lower end, and walked towards the dais. Thinking it was the farmer’s wife, I ran after her, and was going to touch her, when she turned round, and I saw her face. It was very lovely. Her dress seemed to be made of black velvet. After looking at me for a moment, she went on, and disappeared through the door leading to the winding stone staircase in the angle turret of the west tower. Her face, figure, and general appearance reminded me of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots.’

The queen’s son, James I., was, according to tradition, also once, in a much more prosaic form, a visitor to Sir Thomas Metcalf at Nappa. And there lingers in the neighbourhood the story, that when one day it was necessary, on a hunting expedition, to cross the Yore at a shallow place, James was afraid to make the attempt with the others, and a stalwart huntsman had to be summoned to carry the king across upon his back—a story very consonant with James’s character.

On January 26th, 1569, a cold, wild, winter’s day, Queen Mary, wretched, ill, and she and her attendants wretchedly mounted on miserable horses, lent for the occasion, commenced her melancholy journey from Bolton to Tutbury, in Staffordshire.

Within about a year (Christmas, 1570), she was brought back to the Castle of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where fourteen of the melancholy years of her captivity were spent.

CHARLES I. IN LEEDS.

THE KING AND THE SERVANT-MAID.

In 1646, Charles I., when a prisoner in the hands of the Scots, was lodged in Leeds. The house is said to have been Red Hall, in Upperhead Row, still in existence.

Here his captivity awoke the compassion of one of the maid-servants. She became most anxious to aid his escape, and for this purpose offered to allow him to dress in her clothes. She assured him that, so disguised, she could safely conduct him, in the dark, through the garden and out at a back-door into Land's Lane. Thence she could take him to the house of a friend, where he might safely hide until the opportunity should occur for him to make good his escape abroad, or elsewhere.

The king was touched by the young woman's devotion, but declined her well-meant offer. He gave to her, however, a garter to preserve, as a token of his gratitude, until better times, when he hoped he, or his son, might be able to reward her.

Years passed away. The unfortunate Charles was beheaded, but in due time his son, Charles II., was restored to the throne. Meanwhile the young maid-servant had married, and possibly thought that the royal pledge might now be honoured by the king. She proceeded to Court, and obtained an interview with Charles. She recited to him the story, and showed her long-preserved token. The king inquired: 'Had she a husband?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'What is his calling?' said the king. 'An under-bailiff in the town

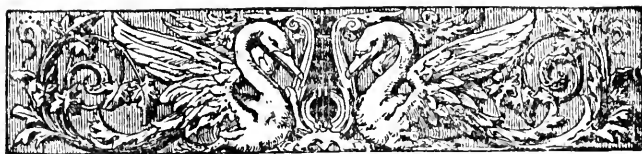
of Leeds,' responded the woman. 'Then,' replied Charles, 'let him be chief-bailiff for the county of York.' So, says tradition, he became, and, prospering, he built a mansion house near the place where his wife won the gratitude of her monarch, named Crosby House, in Upperhead Row, Leeds.

THE KING AND JOHN HARRISON, OF LEEDS.

Another tradition lingers connected with the visit of Charles I. to Leeds when a prisoner in the hands of Scots in 1646.

There was then living in Leeds the wealthy benefactor of his native town, John Harrison. Among other good works, he was the founder and builder of St. John's Church. He was a most devoted loyalist; and when the king was brought into the town, and detained as a prisoner in Red Hall, he begged that he might be permitted, at least, to present his monarch with a tankard of golden ale, which he carried in his hand. The guards could see no objection to this act of devotion, and allowed him to enter the royal presence. When the king had taken the tankard in his hand, and raised the lid, he found it filled with golden coins instead of golden ale. Concealing the welcome offering about his person, he dismissed his loyal subject with the empty tankard, and a profusion of thanks for his refreshing draught.





II.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS RELATING TO ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN IN YORKSHIRE.

He comes, he comes, the outlaw bold,
From forest glade, from darksome wood ;
Whose story our forefathers told,
The dauntless, fearless Robin Hood.'

A. DAWTREY.

ROBIN HOOD LEGENDS.

'I cannot parfitli mi paternoster, as the priest it singeth,
But I can ryms of ROBEN HODE, and Randolf, Erl of Chester.'
Vision of Piers Plowman (cir. 1360).

IT is no part of the object of the writer to discuss the questions, or review the controversies, which from time to time have arisen as to Robin Hood. Was he a person, or only a myth? If the former, who was he? and how many of the exploits and stories related of him are authentic? If he was but a myth, whence came all the circumstantial statements of facts, and adventures, which have been heaped upon his mythic head? Or, was he a combination (as seems most probable) of the two; a real person and forest outlaw around whom have gathered—as time progressed—

many adventures and stories belonging to others, who infested the forests and fastnesses of the country, in Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet times?

These are questions for the archæologist and historian which must be passed over at present. A simple relation of the legends and traditions which refer to him—person or myth—and are connected with Yorkshire, is all that is here demanded.

Of course, as is well known, Nottingham claims to have been his birth-place, and the forest of Sherwood in that county his principal residence; but if Notts has ten parts in the hero, Yorkshire has certainly not less than two.

‘They’ (Robin Hood and his merry men) ‘haunted about Barnsdale Forest, Plomptone Parke and such other places,’ says an old manuscript in the Sloane Collection. And the ‘Lytell Geste’ relates of the King of England that

‘All the pass of Lancashyre,
He went both ferre and nere,
Tyll he came to Plomton Parke
He faylyd many of his dere.

‘There our Kinge was wont to se
Herdes many one,
He coude unneth fynde one dere,
That bare ony good horne.’

Plomton, or Plumpton, Parke was a portion of the Royal Forest of Knaresborough. It may have been Heywra, now Haverah, Park, of which the Plumptons of Plumpton were the guardians; or it may have been a smaller enclosure at Plumpton, on the eastern border of the forest.

King John was at Knaresborough on hunting expedi-

tions in 1209, 1212, and 1213; and Edward II., whose reign would better correspond with Hunter's date of the outlaw, was at Skipton, and spent three days at Heywra Park, in 1323. It must have been on one of these occasions that Robin's depredations were so prominently, and unpleasantly, brought to the attention of royalty in the Royal Forest.

As to Barnsdale, old Leland (*cir.* 1550) says: 'Along the left hand, a 3 miles of, betwixt Milburne and Feri-bridge, I saw the Woddi and famose forrest of Barnesdale, wher they say that Robyn Hudde lyvid like an outlaw.'—*Itinerary*, v. 101.

In Manwood's 'Forest Laws' there occurs the following allusion to Barnsdale, in an illustration of a term in forestry: 'A.D. 1194, King Richard I., being hunting in the forrest of Sherwood, did chase a hart out of the forrest of Sherwood into Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, and because he could not there recover him, he made proclamation at Tickhill, in Yorkshire, and at divers other places, that no person should kill, hurt, or chase the said hart, but that he might safely returne into the forrest againe; which hart was afterwards called, "a hart royally proclaimed."'

According to Hunter, Barnsdale is an extensive tract of country, which till recent enclosures was woodland, though, strictly speaking, never technically a forest. The great North Road, or Watling Street, crosses it between Doncaster and Ferrybridge. It is four or five miles across. The traveller enters it a little beyond the well-known Robin Hood's Well, and he leaves it when he has descended to Wentbridge. The river Went is its northern boundary.

As to other places in the county connected with the outlaw, there are still 'Robin Hood's Wells,' as already mentioned at the roadside in Barnsdale, and near Fountain's Abbey, and probably at other places in Yorkshire. Robin Hood's Bay, on the east coast; Robin Hood's Arrows at Hawsker, near Whitby; Robin Hood's butts and houses at Danby, in Cleveland, all point to the extent of his haunts in the county. Then at Kirkstall are laid his remains. To nearly all of these places 'Legends and Traditions' attach which demand notice.

The most ancient of these stories comes from a metrical ballad, entitled, 'A mery geste of Robyn Hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham,' printed by Wynken de Worde in 1495, and is a combination of several older ballads strung together so as to give a continued history of the subject of them.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE KNIGHT, AND THE ABBOT OF
ST. MARY'S ABBEY AT YORK.

This is a story given at length in the 'Lytel Geste.' In relating it Hunter's analysis is pretty closely followed.

'Lithe and lysten gentylmen,
That be of free-bore blode;
I shall you tel of a good yeomàn,
His name was Robyn Hode.
'Robyn was a proude outlawe
Whyles he walked on ground;
So curtyous an outlawe as he was one,
Was never none y founde.
'Robyn stode in Bernysdale,
And lened hym on a tree,
And by hym stode Little Johan,
A good yeomàn was he:

And also dyde good Scathlock,
And Much, the miller's son.'

As they stood they meditated on the business of the day. Little John suggested dinner; but Robin declared against any dinner until some deed was done which would bring payment for the dinner. Some baron, or knight, or squire, or rich ecclesiastic, must be found travelling that way, and his purse, or his saddlebags, be made to pay the shot.

'“ This worde shall be holde,” sayd Lytell Johan,
“ And this lesson shall we lerne ;
It is ferre dayes, God sende us a gest,
That we were at our dynere.”’

Robin sent the three

‘ To walke up to the Sayles,
And so to Watlynge strete,
And waite for some unketh gest,
Up chaunce ye mowe them mete.’

The Sayles was the house of a tenant of the Manor of Pontefract, in, or close to, Barnsdale. They had not long to wait before they saw a knight on horseback coming along the ‘ Watlynge Strete.’ He was evidently in some great trouble; his riding was careless, his head bent, and his hood hung over his eyes :

‘ A soryer man than was one
Rode never in somers day.’

Courteously Little John and his companions introduced themselves, and invited him to dine with Robin Hood. He evidently was startled at the name, and feared that he had come into worse straits than before :

‘ The teres out of his eyen ran,
And fell down by his lere.’

Respectfully, however, he wished to decline the invitation, as he had already arranged to dine at Doncaster or Blythe, but yielded to the pressure put upon him, and was led to Robin Hood's presence.

“Welcome, Syr Knight,” said Robyn,
 “Welcome thou art to me,
 I have abyde you fastyng, Syr,
 All these houres thre.”

They sat down to a sumptuous feast, which the knight enjoyed, and promised that if ever again he came that way,

‘As good a dyner I shall thee make,
 As thou hast made for me.’

But Robin did not wish for this form of recompense, and he began to suggest that it never was the manner ‘for yeoman to pay for knight.’

Then the knight announced his poverty, and it proving on search, by Little John, that ten shillings were all that he possessed, Robin inquired the reason for his—a knight's—lack of means :

‘I trowe thou wert made a knight of forse,
 Or elles of yemanry’—

or had he been brought low by bad management, or by licentious living ?

The knight assured him that none of these were the reason of his poverty. His ancestors had been knights, and he had only lately possessed an estate of £400 a year. But his son, aged twenty years, had, ‘in felde juste full feyre,’ slain a Lancashire knight and an esquire, and to provide for his defence—‘to save hym in his ryght’—he had sold all his goods, and pledged all his lands, for £400 to the Abbot of St. Mary's at

York. This sum was to be repaid on the morrow, and being utterly unable to pay it, he was leaving the country, and intended going to Palestine; the lands would be forfeited, and his ancestors' estate lost to him for ever. None would help him, unless it were 'our dere lady.' After this recital of troubles he arose to go on his way :

'Teeres fell out of his eyen two,
He wold have gone hys waye—
"Farewell, frendes, and have good daye,
I ne have more to pay."'

Robin was moved by the story, and by the desertion of the man's friends, and determined, especially as he had appealed to the Blessed Virgin, to lend him the money himself, and at his bidding Little John counted out the £400, and provided the knight with new clothes and a better horse. He then, with Little John as his attendant, at once set out for York to save the land. Before starting the knight inquired when the time of repayment was to be :

"Whan shall my daye be," sayd the knyght,
"Syr, and your wyll be?"
"This daye twelve moneth," sayd Robyn,
"Under this grene wode tre."

Meanwhile, the last day for redemption of the land was drawing towards the end. The Abbot of St. Mary's and his monks were in high spirits, thinking that there was no chance of the knight now appearing with the money. The prior only pleaded for him, and protested that it would be hard to take the land. The cellarer especially rejoiced that £400 a year would be added to their income.

To their discomfiture, the knight appeared before

the gate of the Abbey. He was duly led in, and into the presence of the assembled chapter :

“Do gladly, Syr Abbot,” said the knight,
 “I am come to hold my daye.”
 The first word the abbot spake,
 “Hast thou brought my pay?”

He feigned inability to pay, and pleaded for indulgence. They were all against any being shown :

‘The abbot sware a full grete oath,
 By God that dyed on a tre ;
 “Get the land wher thou may,
 For thou getest none of me ;”’

and ordered him out of the hall. After more debate, the knight,

‘He sterte him to a borde anon,
 Tyll a table rounde,
 And there he shoke out of a bagge
 Even foure hundred pounce.’

The discomfiture of the abbot and his brethren was complete. The knight rebuked them for their hardness and discourtesy, and then went home to Uterysdale, which he reached that evening, rejoicing.

‘Uterysdale,’ or ‘Utersdale,’ has not been identified, but from the knight reaching it the same evening from York, it must have been in the county. No name is given to the knight in this part of the ballad, but, in a later portion, he is spoken of as Sir Richard-at-the-Lee.

At home he lived with the greatest economy, and by the end of the year had saved the £400 which he had to return to his benefactor. Taking with him 100 men, well harnessed and wearing his livery, he rode toward Barnsdale, and after an adventure, on behalf of a yeoman for the sake of Robyn Hode, he approached the place.

Robin's attendants were, as before, on the look out for prey at 'The Sayles in Watlying Strete.'

'But as they loked in Barnysdale
By the hyewaye,
Then were they ware of two blacke monkes,
Each on a good palferay.'

They proved to be the high cellarer of St. Mary's Abbey, at York, and a companion, with an escort of fifty-two men, and were conveying treasure belonging to the house to London.

Little John and his company called on the monks to stand, and informed them that they were Robin Hood's men. That was a name by which to conjure, and on hearing it, the guards, with the exception of a pageboy and groom, fled, and left their masters and the treasure-bags at the mercy of their captors. They were led by them into the depths of the forest, and there Robin, on beholding them, felt that he had caught such a prize as delighted him. All the greater was his satisfaction to find that the cellarer, who had been hardest of all upon the poor knight, was one of them.

This, too, was the day for the knight to repay the loan of £400. Robin, therefore, began to say:

'Of all this longe daye
I drede our Lady is wroth with me,
She's sent me not my pay.'

Little John suggested that the monk, being of the House of St. Mary, had no doubt brought it. This led Robin to explain how a knight had, for St. Mary's sake, borrowed £400 of him a year ago, and prayed the monk, if he had brought it, to produce it shortly, as he and his men had need.

The monk protested he knew nothing about it ; but Robin replied, he had lent it for our Lady's sake, and :

'Thou toldest me with thyne owne tonge,
Thou may not say me nay,
How thou arte her servaunt,
And servest her every daye.'

He inquired what was in their coffers. After prevarication the cellarer replied, twenty marks. 'If there be no more,' replied Robin, 'I wyll not take one penny'—he would give them twice as much ; but, on the other hand, if they had sought to deceive him, and were found to possess more, then whatever there was should be forfeited.

The money-bags were again searched by Little John, who found 'eyght hundred pounce and more.'

Little John laid it before Robin, with the remark that 'Our Lady hath doubled your cost.'

"I make myne avowe to God," said Robyn.
"Monke, what tolde I thee?
Our Lady is the trewest womàn
That ever yet found I me."

They were at last allowed to depart, but as they departed,

"Nay, for good," than sayd the monke,
"Me reweth I cam so nere,
For better chepe I might have dyned,
In Blythe, or in Dankestere."
"Grete well your abbot," sayd Robyn,
"And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd hym sende me such a monke
To dyner every daye."

The story now returns to the knight, who, with his gallant following, presented himself the same evening

before Robin, ‘under the grene-wod tre,’ in Bernysdale. Joyfully was he welcomed, and after relating his adventure of succouring a yeoman by the way at Wentbridge, and thereby having been delayed until so late, he produced the £400, and, besides, ‘twenty marks for your courtesy.’ Robin refused to receive it, assuring him that the Abbey itself, through the cellarer, had just paid him double the debt.

‘Whan Robyn had tolde hys tale,
He laughed, and had good cheer;
“By my trouthe,” then sayd the knight,
“Your money is redy here.”’

But Robin would have none of it, but cried :

“Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And go to my treasure,
And bring me thence foure hundred pounce,
The monke o’er-tolde to me.
“Have here foure hundred pounce,
Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,
And buye hors and harnes good,
And gylte thy spors all newe.
“And yf thou fayle ony spendyng,
Com to Robyn Hode,
And by my trouth thou shalt not fayle,
The whyles I have any good.”’

* * * * *

Then, to conclude the tale, the compiler of ‘A Lytell Geste’ pertinently adds :

‘Thus, then, helpe hym, good Robyn,
The knight all of his care.
God, that sytteth in heven hye,
Graunte us thus well to fare.’

ROBIN HOOD TURNED FISHERMAN.

The ballad of 'Robin Hood turned Fisherman' is paraphrased in a recent number of *The Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal*, and the story told in prose as follows :

In summer-time, when the leaves were green, and the flowers sweet and gay, Robin Hood grew weary of the forest and woods, and left off to chase the fat deer.

'I will hasten to Scarborough now,' said he, 'and become a fisherman, for a fisherman's trade is good, and his labour is in the broad sea.'

When Robin arrived at Scarborough, he took up his inn at a widow's house, not far from the wide ocean.

'Tell me, my bold young fellow,' said the widow, 'where thou wast born, and what are thy means of support?'

'I am a poor fisherman,' he replied, 'and want employment.'

'Then what is thy name?' asked she.

'In mine own country,' said Robin, 'I am called Simon Wise.'

'Simon Wise!—Simon Wise!' said the woman; 'I am afraid thou hast got an unfit name. However, Simon, if thou wilt serve me, I will give thee good wages, for I have as good a ship of my own as any that sails on the sea.'

So Robin consented to serve this good widow, and went by the name of Simon. After a time the ship was despatched to sea, and they sailed away hoping for a large harvest of fish.

'They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three ;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare line into the sea cast he.'

'It will be a long while,' said the master of the ship,
'ere this land-lubber will learn to thrive upon the sea.
He certainly can have no part, or share, of our fish, for
he is utterly unworthy.'

"Oh, woe is me," said Simon then,
"This day that ever I came here ;
I wish I were in Plompton parke,
A chasing the fallow deere.
"For every clowne laughs me to scorne,
And they by me set nought at all ;
If I had them in Plompton parke,
I would set as little by them all."

A few days afterwards, the crew of the fisher-ship
espied a French ship of war vigorously pursuing
them.

'Oh, woe is me,' said the master, 'unhappy the day
that I was born, for our ship, and all we have taken,
will be taken from us by this Frenchman ; and they
will carry us to the coast of France, and there keep us
as prisoners of war.'

But Simon said, 'Fear them not, master ; only give
me my bow in my hand, and never a Frenchman will
I spare.'

"Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brag and boast ;
If I should cast thee overboard,
There's but a simple lubber lost."

Simon was grievously hurt at these taunts, and
taking his bent bow in his hand, he said :

‘Master, tye me to the mast, that at my mark I may stand fair, and never a Frenchman will I spare.’

Then Simon drew his arrow to the head, and shot with such strength and good aim, that the first Frenchman who appeared received the arrow through his heart.

As soon as another appeared, so soon was he, in like manner, pierced through, and fell down the hatches into the bottom of the ship.

‘O master, loose me from the mast,’ cried Simon, ‘and let us board the French ship.’

This they did, and found all their enemies slain, and on board, beside, they found twelve thousand pounds in glittering gold.

Then said Simon, ‘One half the ship I will give to our good mistress and her little children three, and the other half I will divide among you, that are my fellows all.’

‘Not so,’ replied the master,

“For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall be.”

‘If so,’ answered Simon, ‘with this gold I will build an habitation for the oppressed, where they shall live in peace and rest.’ Thus

‘Poor simple Simon, though despised,
Soon made his skill and valour priz’d,
And proved bold Robin Hood.
With Frenchman’s gold that he possess’d,
He raised a dwelling for th’ oppress’d,
And made his promise good.’

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR: A LEGEND OF
FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

'In Fountain's dale, long years ago,
Before the Abbey's overthrow,
Met Friar and Robin—foe to foe—
Long years ago, long years ago.'

A. DAWTREY.

The story of Robin Hood and the Friar (or Monk) of Fountain's is derived from a ballad printed by H. Gosson about 1610, but there is said to be a much earlier copy in the Pepysian Library. The 'Curtall Fryer,' being one of the Cistercian brotherhood at Fountain's Abbey, could not, really, have been a friar at all—but a monk of that well-known house. He was probably the one entrusted with the guardianship of the woods and forests belonging to the Abbey, and for his assistance possessed a number of well-trained dogs. The word 'curtal' is now, usually, allowed to have been applied to him from his being accompanied always by these curtal, or cur, dogs.

Now to the story.

In the summer-time, when the leaves of the merry-wood grow green, and the flowers are fresh and gay, Robin Hood and his merry men were disposed to seek for more sport and excitement. They each tried their skill in archery upon the deer of the forest. Little John killed 'a hart of Greece,' 'five hundred foot him fro.'

Robin extolled the deed, and said he would ride one hundred miles to find such another.

'That caused Will Skadlocke to laugh,
He laughed full heartily ;
"There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey,
Will beate bothe him and thee.

“The curtall fryer, in Fountaines Abbey,
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beate you and your yeomen—
Set them all in a row.”’

Robin took a solemn oath to neither eat nor drink until he had seen the doughty friar. Arming himself with cap of steel, ‘harnesse goode,’ with broad sword and buckler by his side, and his bow ‘made of a trusty tree,’ in his hand, he sped his way to Fountain’s Dale. There he soon descried the friar clad as himself in armour (!), and walking by the riverside.

Robin alighted from his horse, and tied him to a thorn. Then approaching the friar, he said :

“Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life’s forlorne.”

‘The fryer took Robin on his backe,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake ne word, nor good, nor bade,
Till he came at the other side.

‘Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryer’s backe ;
The fryer said to him again,

“Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thee paine.”’

Robin did so, and spake no word good nor bad ‘till he came to the other side.’

Again Robin repeated his demand, and again the friar took him up :

‘And comming to the middle streame,
There he threw Robin in ;

“And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.”’

Robin swam to a willow bush and gained dry land. Then, taking one of his best arrows, he let fly at

the friar, who 'with his steel buckler did put the arrow by,' and cried :

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun ;
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy marke I will not shun."

Robin continued to shoot, to no purpose, until all his arrows were done. Then they took their swords and bucklers, and 'fought with might and maine,'

'From ten o' th' clock that very day,
Till four i' th' afternoon ;
Then Robin came to his knee,
Of the fryer to beg a boone.
"A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee ;
Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blastes three?"'

The friar contemptuously assented, and Robin blew out his 'blastes three.' Whereupon fifty of his yeomen made their appearance 'raking o'er the lee.'

'Whose are these men?' said the friar.

'These are mine,' said Robin ; 'but what is that to thee?'

"A boone, a boone," said the curtall fryer,
"The like I gave to thee ;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whues three?"'

This he did, and forthwith

'Halfe a hundred good band-dogs,
Came running o'er the lee.
"Here's for every man a dog,
And I myselfe for thee."
"Nay, by my faith," said Robin Hood,
"Fryer, that may not be."

- ‘Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
The one behinde, the other before ;
Robin Hood’s mantle of Lincoln greene,
Offe from his backe they tore.
- ‘And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtall dogs, so taught they were,
They kept the arrows in their mouth.
- ‘“Take up thy dogs,” said Little John,
“Fryer, at my bidding be.”
“Whose man art thou,” said the curtall fryer,
“Come here to prate to me?”
- ‘“I’m Little John, Robin Hood’s man,
Fryer, I will not lie ;
If thou tak’st not up thy dogs,
I’ll take them up for thee.”
- ‘Little John had a bowe in his hande,
He shot with mighte and maine ;
Soon halfe a score of the Fryer’s dogs,
Laid dead upon the plaine.
- ‘“Hold thy hand, good fellow,” said the curtall fryer,
“Thy master and I will agree ;
And we will have new order ta’an,
With all the haste may be.”’

Then said Robin :

- ‘“If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines Dale,
And Fountaines Abbey free,
Every Sunday throwout the yeare
A noble shall be thy fee :
- ‘“And every holliday through the yeare,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remaine with me.”
- ‘This curtall fryer had kept Fountaines Dale,
Seven long yeares and more,
There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
Could make him yield before.’

Tradition asserts that the friar consented to Robin's offer, and became the notorious 'Friar Tuck' of the outlaw's company.

Robin Hood's Well, near the Abbey ruins, is there still to attest the truth of this story; and, as if to make doubly sure what was sure before, a rude sketch of the bow of Robin Hood, and of one of the band-dogs of 'the curtall fryer,' was discovered in 1853, cut in the stone of the north-east buttress, of the Lady Chapel, of the abbey.

At the recent 'Ripon Millenary Festival,' the outdoor play, of 'Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer,' written by Augustin Dawtrey, was acted upon the very spot where the real encounter, between the original combatants, is said to have taken place.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD'S ENTERTAINMENT, BY
ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN, IN MERRY
BARNSDALE.

The ballad, relating this story, is much more modern than some of the other ballads relating to the bold outlaw, and is probably an invention of later date.

'Some will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he served the Bishop of Hereford,
When he robbed him of his gold.

'As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
All under the green-wood tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by
With all his companie.'

Robin ordered a good fat deer to be killed and dressed, and a good repast thereof to be prepared by the highway side; and directed that the approach, of

the bishop and his company, should be narrowly watched for. Meanwhile Robin dressed himself, and six of his men, in the attire of shepherds, and took their stand around the fire, at which the venison was being roasted.

Upon reaching the spot :

- “O, what is the matter?” then said the bishop,
“Or for whom do you make this ado?
Or, why do you kill the king’s ven’son,
When your company is so few?”
- “We are shepherds,” said bold Robin Hood,
“And we keep sheep all the year;
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king’s fat deer.”
- “You are brave fellows!” said the bishop,
“And the king of your doings shall know;
Therefore, make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.”
- “O pardon, O pardon,” said bold Robin Hood,
“O pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your lordship’s coat,
To take so many lives away.”
- “No pardon, no pardon,” said the bishop,
“No pardon I thee owe,
Therefore, make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.”

Robin Hood pulled his bugle horn from beneath his shepherd’s coat, and blew a long blast, and three score and ten of his followers hastily appeared.

- ‘All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood,
’Twas a comely sight to see :
“What is the matter, master,” said Little John,
“That you blow so hastily?”’

His master replied, that here was the Bishop of Hereford, refusing all pardon for their slaying the deer,

and demanding, that they should at once accompany him before the king.

Little John suggested, 'Cut off his head, and throw him into his grave.'

The Bishop smelt a rat, and craving pardon of the outlaw for his interference, declared, that had he known who was on the road, 'He'd have gone some other way.'

"No pardon, no pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore, make haste, and come along with me,
For to Merry Barnsdale you shall go."

Thither they led him, and made him sup with them right royally.

"Call in a reckoning," said the bishop,
"For methinks it grows wondrous high."
"Lend me your purse, master," said Little John,
"And I'll tell you by-and-bye."

'Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua
He told three hundred pound.

"Here's money enough, master," said Little John,
"And a comely sight 'tis to see ;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Though he heartily loveth not me."

'Robin took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play ;
And he made the bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could get away.'

ROBIN HOOD AND THE YEOMAN OF GUISBURN.

Another ballad relates how Guy, a stout yeoman of Guisburn, a small town in Craven, near the Lancashire border, sent by the Sheriff of Nottingham to

arrest Robin Hood, was met with by him, in one of the Yorkshire forests, and demanded who and what he was ?

“ I seeke an outlawe,” the stranger sayd,
“ Men call him Robin Hood ;
Rather I’d meet with that proud outlawe,
Than fortye pound soe good.”

“ Now come with me, thou mighty yeoman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see ;
But first let us some pastime find
Under the green-wood tree.”

They then shot arrows at a wand stuck in the ground, and each astonished the other by his skill.

“ Now tell me thy name, good fellow,” sayd he,
“ Under the leaves of lyne.”
“ Nay, by my faith,” quoth bold Robin,
“ Till thou hast told me thine.”

“ I dwell by dale and downe,” quoth he,
“ And Robin to take I’m sworne ;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisborne.”

“ My dwelling is in the wood,” says Robin,
“ By thee I set right noughte :
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.”

Then ensued a severe contest with swords, ‘both browne and bright,’ in which, by the help of his patroness St. Mary, on whose aid he called, Robin slew his opponent, and exchanging clothes with the slain, and taking Guy’s bugle-horn instead of his own, he proceeded first to Barnsdale, to see how fared his merry men. There finding that the Sheriff of Nottingham had apprehended, and taken away, Little John, he followed in pursuit to Nottingham, where, by means of

his disguise, in the clothes of his fallen foe, he deceived the sheriff, and gaining access to his presence, succeeded in delivering his faithful henchman.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD.

The story of the Pinder of Wakefield and Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, is briefer than some of the foregoing. The ballad is alluded to by Shakespeare in 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act I., Sc. 1; and also the line

'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,'

is quoted by him in Henry IV., Part II., Act V., Sc. 3.

The pinder was the person who had charge of the parish 'pinfold,' or the 'fold' or prison, to which straying or trespassing animals were driven, and confined until released, by the payment of a small fine to the pinder, by the owner. A few pinfolds may yet be found, often in ruins, in remote villages of Yorkshire, but the institution, like those of the ducking-stool, and the village stocks, has passed otherwise into oblivion.

' In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green ;
" There's neither knight, nor squire," said the pinder,
" Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass in the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold."'

So sang the pinder, when Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, espied him seated under a thorn. They advanced towards him.

“Now turn again, turn again,” said the pinder,
 “For a wrong way you have gone ;
 For you have forsaken the king’s highway,
 And made a path over the corn.”

They heeded not his behests, so he leapt back ‘thirty good foot and one,’ and, placing his back fast unto a thorn, and his foot against a stone, with his good sword he held the way against the three.

‘And there he fought a long summer’s day,
 A summer’s day so long ;’

until all their swords were broken down to the handles.

“Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,” said bold Robin Hood,
 “And my merry men every one ;
 For this is one of the best pindèrs,
 The ever I tried with sword.”

Then Robin made to him the usual offer, that if he would forsake ‘his pinder craft,’ and join his company in the merry green-wood, he should have a liberal fee every Michaelmas Day, and besides :

‘A livery twice in the year,
 The one green and the other brown.’

To this the pinder responded :

‘Then I’ll take my blue-blade all in my hand,
 And plod to the green-wood with thee.’

ROBIN HOOD’S BAY.

A few miles north of Whitby, on the east coast of the county, is the fishing hamlet and bay, named Robin Hood’s Bay. Leland, who died in 1552, mentions the place as ‘A fischer tounlet of 20 bootes caullid Robyn Huddes Bay.’ The original name is said to have been Fylings. How it came to be named after

the outlaw shall be told in the words of the historian of Whitby :

‘When his robberies,’ says Charlton, ‘became so numerous, and the outcries against him so loud, as almost to alarm the whole nation, parties of soldiers were sent down from London to apprehend him. Then it was that, fearing for his safety, he found it necessary to desert his usual haunts, and, retreating northward, to cross the moors that surrounded Whitby, where, gaining the coast, he always found in readiness near at hand some small fishing vessels, to which he could have refuge, if he found himself pursued ; for, in these, putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of England at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, to which he communicated his name, and which is still called Robin Hood’s Bay. There he frequently went a-fishing in the summer season, even when no enemy appeared to annoy him, and not far from that place he had butts, or marks set up, where he used to exercise his men in shooting with the long bow.’

Robin Hood’s butts, alluded to in this narrative, are, I believe, in the parish of Danby, and are really British tumuli, or burial barrows.

ROBIN HOOD’S ARROWS.

It must have been, on the occasion of one of his visits to Robin Hood’s Bay, that, attended by Little John, he was invited (so runs the tradition) by the Abbot, Richard of Whitby, to dine with him at the

Abbey. After dinner the abbot alluded to his guests' fame for their dexterity in shooting with the long bow, and begged that they might be treated to an illustration. To this Robin and his trusty henchman assented; and, accompanied by Richard and many of the brethren of the house, went upon the leads of the roof of the Abbey. Then, turning the face towards Hawsker, they each of them, first Robin, and then Little John, drew his bow with his full strength, and shot an arrow in the direction of that village. They fell, one on each side of a lane, not far from Whitby-laths, fully a mile from the Abbey. The astonished abbot, as a memorial of so astounding a feat, set up a pillar where each of the arrows fell, 'which,' says the historian of Whitby, 'are yet standing in these days; that field where the pillar for Robin Hood's arrow stands, being still called Robin Hood's Field; and the other, where the pillar for Little John's arrow is placed, still preserving the name of John's Field.'

DEATH AND BURIAL OF ROBIN HOOD AT KIRKLEES PRIORY.

Tradition has placed the birth of Robin Hood in the year 1160, and his death at Kirklees Nunnery in 1247, thus giving to him the long life of eighty-seven years. Hunter, however, after exhaustive inquiry, places his birth much later, viz., between 1285 and 1295, but gives no date for his death. A record of the circumstances of his illness and death is given in one of the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, and also another in the well-known ballad of 'Robin Hood's death and buriall.'

In the former the record runs thus :

‘ Being distempered with could and age he had great payne in his lymnes, his bloud being corrupted, therefore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesley, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique and surgery ; who perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, and waying how fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke revenge of him for her owne howse, and all others, by letting him bleed to death.’

The ballad, which is not so old as some of the others, tells the same story with more picturesque effect :

‘ When Robin Hood and Little John,
Went o’er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
“ We have shot for many a pound,
But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee :
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.”
And when he came to fair Kirkley Hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself,
For to let bold Robin in.’

The much older ballad of ‘ A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode ’ relates a different motive, from that given in Sloane’s MS., for the treachery of the Prioress, his relative, and which is unnoticed in the later ballad. It is thus stated :

‘ Yet he was begyled, I wys,
Through a wycked womàn,
The Pryoresse of Kirkesley.
That nye was to him kynne,

‘ For the love of a knyght,
Syr Roger of Donkester,
That was her own speciall,
Full evyll mote they fare ;
‘ They toke togyder theyr counsell
Robyn Hode for to sle,
And how they myght best do that dede
His banis for to be.’

When, therefore, he went to the Priory to be let blood, on account of his illness, he, according to this account, walked into the lion’s mouth :

‘ And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr false playe.’

But, continuing the narrative from the more modern source, we read, that his aunt, or cousin, the Prioress, welcomed him with smiles and hospitality. When he declared,

‘ I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee,’

she led him into a small private room, and there

‘ She blooded him the vein of the arm,
And lock’t him up in the room ;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.’

He then made efforts to escape, but found himself unable to do so ; then he bethought him of his bugle-horn,

‘ And blew out weak blastes three.’

This brought Little John to his aid, who breaking ‘ locks two or three ’ found his way into his master’s presence. Seeing the state of the case, he begged that he might be allowed at once ‘ to burn fair Kirkley Hall, and all their nunnery.’

“ Now nay, now nay,” quoth Robin Hood,
“ That boon I will not grant thee ;
I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be :

“ But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I’ll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg’d be.

“ Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet ;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet ;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

“ Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head ;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.”

‘ These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please ;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.’

A remnant of the ancient priory, now called the Gate-house, is said to contain the room from which he shot the arrow, and in which he died. The supposed grave is on rising ground fully half a mile from the window, from which the arrow is said to have been shot, and not within the consecrated graveyard of the priory. The stone, which for a long time marked the grave, is said to have never had any inscription, and, from its bearing a cross, to have been originally placed over some ecclesiastic. A more modern headstone, however, near the spot, bears the oft-quoted epitaph, believed to be entirely spurious :

‘ Here Undernith this lacl stean
 Laz robert earl of Huntingdon,
 Ner arcir yet az hie sae geud
 An pipl kauld im robin Heud
 Sich outlawz az hi an is men
 V’ll england nior si agen.
 Obiit 24 kal : Dekembris 1247.’

A TRADITION AS TO SOME OF ROBIN HOOD’S MEN.

Dodsworth, who wrote two hundred and fifty years ago, gives, in one of his manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, as quoted by Mr. Hunter, the following tradition with regard to Locksley and Little John :

‘ Robert Locksley, born in Bradfield Parish, in Hallamshire, wounded his step-father to death at plough, and fled into the woods, and was there relieved by his mother until discovered. Then he came to Clifton on Calder, and came acquainted with Little John, that kept the kine, which said John is buried at Hathershead, in Derbyshire, where he hath a fair tombstone with an inscription.’

Of the relative position of the places here and elsewhere mentioned, in this account, Dodsworth preserves one stanza of a lost ballad, very descriptive :

‘ Clifton stands on Calder bank,
 And Hartshead on the hill ;
 Kirklees stands within the dale,
 And many come there still.’





III.

FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

‘Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moones sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen
To dew her orbs upon the green.’
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. I.

WHO were the fairies, those mischievous elves, or ministering spirits, those plodding laborious helpers of the thrifty housewife, or dancing fays, whose music was heard on every green hill, or shady copse—Hob and Puck, and Mab and Brownie, and Robin Goodfellow, and Oberon and Titania, and a host of others named, and unnamed? In the superstition and folk-lore of almost every land, they hold a prominent place. In the works of our own poets, from Chaucer and Spenser, and Shakespeare, down to the present moment, they are the theme of song, or poetical allusion. The very name calls up in the mind poetical associations. Even

the sedate, sober-minded Milton, must sing of the fairies :

‘ Good luck befriend thee, son ; for, at thy birth
The Faëry ladies danced upon the hearth ;
The drousie nurse had sworn she did them spie,
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.’

At a Vacation Exercise.

Who were they ? What was the origin of the almost universal belief in them, and of the innumerable superstitions and legends respecting them ?

The answer has often been attempted by many investigators, in both modern and olden times, and yet no generally accepted reply has been found. The present writer makes no effort to solve, or even to investigate, the problem. He has only to chronicle the doings of the ‘mysterious folk,’ as recorded in popular story, legend, and tradition.

The decline in belief in Fairy lore, as in Witchcraft, is perhaps more marked, during the last fifty years, than in any other popular superstition. Yet belief is not dead in the remoter districts of the county. Chaucer, five hundred years ago (born 1328, died 1409), thought that the fairies had departed in his day, and seems rather to regret it, driven away by the advent of the friars. In his ‘Wife of Bath’s Tale,’ he writes :

‘ In old days of King Artour,
Of which the Bretons spoken gret honour,
All was this land ful-filled of faerie ;
The elf-quene with hir joly compaynie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede ;

I speke of many hundred yeres ago ;
 But now can no man se non elves mo,
 For now the grete charitee and prayeres
 Of limitoures, and other holy freres,
 * * * * *
 This maketh that there ben no faeries.'

The green pastoral hills and vales of Craven seem to have been the Yorkshire paradise of 'the little folk,' 'the good folk,' and the 'green folk,' as they were variously called. Other places, in which they delighted, were the ancient burial mounds on the Yorkshire Wolds, and Almas Cliffe and its vicinity, between the vales of the Wharfe and the Nidd; but in every part of the county, legends, of their pranks and their doings, are to be found.

In Craven, a round green hill, named Elboton, near Burnsall, was especially favoured by them; and in the story of the 'Troller's Gill,' we read:

'From Burnsall's tower the midnight hour
 Had toll'd; and all was still
 Save the sweet music, to the tiny feet
 Of the Elfin band, from fairy-land,
 That tripp'd on Elbothan Hill.'

They were thoroughly monarchical in their government, and, in all stories relating to them, the king and queen are found occupying their proper place and dignity. The following *jeu d'esprit*, as to the fairy king and queen's dress, is from Hone's Year-Book, and is worth reproducing:

The King.

'Upon a time the fairy elves,
 Having newly dress'd themselves,
 Thought it meet to clothe their king
 In robes most fit for revelling.

- ‘ They wrought a cobweb shirt more thin
Than ever spiders since could spin ;
And bleach’d it in the whitest snow,
When the northern winds do blow.
- ‘ A rich waist-coat they did bring,
Form’d of the trout-fly’s golden wing ;
Dyed crimson in a maiden’s blush,
And lined with humming-bee’s soft plush.
- ‘ His hosen and his cassock were
Wove of the silken gossamer ;
And down the seams, with careful pace,
An unctuous snail drew curious lace.
- ‘ His girdle was a wreath of pearls,
Drop’t from the eyes of silly girls—
Pinch’d because they had forgot
To sweep the hearth, and clean the pot.
- ‘ His hat was all of ladies’ love,
So passing light that it would move
To any gnat, or tiny fly,
That stirred the air in passing by.’

The Queen.

- ‘ No sooner was their king attired
As prince had never been,
Than, as in duty was required,
They next arrayed their queen.
- ‘ With shining thread shot from the sun,
And twisted into line,
They on the Wheel of Fortune spun
Her body-linen fine.
- ‘ They made her gown of morning dawn,
When Phœbus did but peep ;
As by a poet’s pencil drawn,
In Chloris’ lap asleep.
- ‘ Its colour was all colours fair,
The rainbow gave the dip ;
Its perfume was the amber air
Drawn from a virgin’s lip.

- ‘ Her necklace was a subtle tye
Of glorious atoms, set
In the pure black of beauty’s eye,
As they had been in jet.
‘ Her shoes were lover’s hopes abed,
So passing thin and light,
That all her care was how to tread—
A thought would burst them quite.’

Their revels and merry, happy lives are the theme of songs and stories innumerable. Generally they are represented as creatures of light, gladness, and mischief, often innocent, sometimes injurious.

‘The Song of the Mountain Fairies,’ by the late Dr. Dixon, author of ‘Chronicles and Stories of Craven Dales,’ is beautifully descriptive of their mirthful lives, and gentler doings for mortals :

- ‘ When the village is wrapt in quiet sleep,
And the forest hum is still,
From our tiny mansions we softly creep,
And hie to the thymy hill.
‘ There we merrily trip with our nimble feet,
While the moonbeams gild the fell ;
And our melody is the music sweet,
That peals from the heather-bell.
‘ And oft we gather a garland fair,
Of flowers and sprays so green—
And a wild wreath form for the flowing hair
Of our lovely Fairy Queen.
‘ And, then, from the beautiful Elfin land,
Where never did mortal tread,
We send sweet dreams and visions bland,
To float round the peasant’s bed.
‘ And ever we cause from the maiden’s breast,
All thoughts of despair to flee ;
And show her the form of her lover blest,
As he sails o’er the moonlit sea.

‘We know not the woes of a changing earth,
No cares do our lives annoy ;
Our days are a round of endless mirth,
One scene of eternal joy.’

They were a most active folk, taking an interest in all that was going on around them. Their doings, and pranks of mirth, of mischief, or of usefulness to man, entered into almost every department of life.

They milked the cows, or they prevented them from yielding their milk ; they churned the cream into butter for the good-wife ; or they restrained the butter from ‘coming’ where there was impatience, or any affront was offered to them ; they entered the houses of the farmers, and, where they found untidiness and dirt, they pinched the maids in their beds, but, where cleanliness and order prevailed, they left a reward to the sleepers.

‘When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard, and unespied,
Through key-holes do we glide,
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

‘And, if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, and bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None escapes, and none espies.

‘But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid ;
For we use before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.’

They thrashed the farmer's corn, and gathered in his hay, so long as no affront was offered to them. Milton, in 'L'Allegro,' writes :

'Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set ;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corne,
That ten day-labourers could not end.'

So did Hob for the tenant of Close House, near Skipton, until, one day, the farmer thought to reward his benefactor by obtaining a red cloak and hood for him, and placing them in his accustomed haunt for acceptance. But so offended was he that he forsook the place, leaving behind, however, laid by the side of the cloak, these lines :

'Hob red coat, Hob red hood,
Hob do you no harm, but no more good.'

They wandered about the lead mines at Grassington, and, by their 'knockings,' frequently indicated, to the miners, the position of the richest lodes.

A benevolent fairy, according to 'The Scholar's Tale' in Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone,' attended upon the Shepherd Lord Clifford :

'It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary ;
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers ;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that she all shapes could wear :
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair,

And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
 In Craven's dens, on Cumbria's heights ;
 When under cloud of fear he lay,
 A shepherd clad in homely gray ;
 Nor left him at his later day :
 And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
 Rode full of years to Flodden Field,
 His eye could see the hidden spring,
 And how the current was to flow ;
 The fatal end of Scotland's king,
 And all that hopeless overthrow.'

FAIRY INFANTS AND FAIRY CHANGELINGS.

' By wells and rills in meadows greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;
 And to our fairye king and queene,
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
 When larks 'gin sing,
 Away we fling ;
 And babes new born steal as we go,
 And elf in bed
 We leave instead
 And went us, laughing, ho, ho, ho !'

The fairies took an especial interest in the birth of mortals, and in new-born infants, and all that concerned them. They attached themselves to certain favoured ones, and attended them through life, and even predicted the hour of their death :

' Quoth the little monarch sprite,
 * * * * *
 " List ! I hear a mortal's prayer ;
 List ! ye guardians of the fair,
 A wedded female, chaste and mild,
 Asking for a duteous child.
 Now attend to my command ;
 Search the globe, air, ocean, land,
 Search each little flower that grows,
 Search each little stream that flows,

Diving through the glassy waves ;
Search each shell that ocean iaves,
Hither in an instant bring
All their virtues, hither bring ;
These, when happily combined,
Shall form the lovely offspring's mind."
Quick the nimble elves were gone,
Quick as thought the deed was done
Next morning dawned serenely fair,
A daughter bless'd the mother's prayer.'

Gentleman's Magazine, 1800 A.D.

A usual incident, according to popular superstition, was for the fairies to exchange the infants of mortals for their own. Fair and lovely infants were the special object of their desire, and, when these were taken, deformed and ugly ones were usually left in their places. As a preservative against their wiles, salt, and, in some places, whisky, were given by the nurse to the new-born infant. The child, carried away to the fairy haunts, was supposed to pine, or live an unhappy life, with its captors, and many incantations and charms were in use to induce the abductors to return it, which not infrequently they did. One—though I have never heard of it obtaining in Yorkshire—was practised in Ireland, and may be taken as a type of the rest.

The fairy's changeling was removed from the house, where it had been left, and placed on the top of a dunghill, and during the process the following invocatory lines were chanted :

' Fairy men and women all,
List ! it is your baby's call ;
For on the dunghill's top he lies
Beneath the wide inclement skies.
Then come with coach and sumptuous train,
And take him to your home again ;

For if he stays till cocks shall crow,
You'll find him like a thing of snow ;
A pallid lump, a child of scorn,
A monstrous brat, of fairies born.
But ere you bear your boy away,
 Restore the child you took instead ;
When like a thief, the other day,
 You robbed my infant cradle bed.
Then give me back my only son,
And I'll forgive the harm you've done ;
And nightly for your sportive crew
I'll sweep the hearth and kitchen too ;
And leave you free your tricks to play,
When'er you choose to pass this way.
Then, like good people, do incline
To take your child and give back mine.'

Near Grassington there is a hole in the rock, or cave, still known as 'The Fairy Hole,' and for many years there resided in the town a poor deformed woman, who was regarded, by many of her neighbours, as having been, in her infancy, a fairy changeling, and, it is to be feared, she was frequently treated accordingly.

FAIRIES AT ALMAS, OR ORMS, CLIFF, IN KNARES-
BOROUGH FOREST.

Almas Cliff is a prominent group of millstone grit rocks, said to have been sacred to the religion of the Druids, and still to retain many traces of the rites and observances of their faith. One rock is named the Altar Rock, and near to this is a natural opening in the cliff, about eighteen inches wide and five feet in height, which is known as the entrance to the 'Fairy parlour.' It is said to have been explored to the distance of one hundred yards, and to end in a beautiful room sacred to the 'little people,' a veritable fairy palace. Other

reports say, that it is a subterraneous passage having an exit near Harewood Bridge—some two or three miles distant. This variation in report only shows how imperfect has been the exploration. It is to be doubted if any mortal has ever reached the fairy parlour. Some years ago, the story was related of daring explorers making the attempt, but so loud was the din, raised upon their advance, by rattling of pokers and shovels by the fairy inhabitants within, indignant at this invasion of the sanctity of their abode, that the too daring mortals precipitantly fled, by the way by which they had entered. Since then, no man seems to have dared the task of ascertaining the truth, as to this passage.

Grainge, the historian of Knaresborough Forest, says of the place: ‘It has always been associated with the fairy people, who were formerly believed to be all-powerful on this hill, and exchanged their imps for the children of the farmers around. With the exception of the entrance to the fairy parlour, all the openings, in the rocks, are carefully walled up to prevent foxes from earthing in the dens and caverns within; and the fairies, being either walled in, or finding themselves walled out, have left the country, as they have not been seen lately in the neighbourhood.’

The same writer has also supplied the following narrative, relating to a locally well-known case of supposed exchange of children at this place, not more than a couple of generations ago:

‘A farmer named Bradley, who lived at the house nearest to the rocks, had three of his children purloined by the tiny people, and three changelings left in their places. He had a family of four sons and as many

daughters. Three of the sons, and two of the daughters, were fine, tall men and women, who married early and well; but the three changelings were dwarfish, crooked, and ill-tempered, and never married. The two females in their old age lived together, and died, in a small cottage in the neighbouring village of Rigton; and their brother, who was small, lean, shrivelled, and remarkably profane in his language, lived alone, and died in a small hut in another neighbouring village—Stainburn.

‘The eyes of our fore-elders saw fairies sporting over Almescliffe as abundantly as we see rabbits now. An old man, named George Bolton, of Kettlesing, told me only a few years ago, that when his father was a young man, he had seen fairies of nearly all colours, scores of times, dancing upon Little Almes Cliffe—a group of rocks two or three miles westward of Almes Cliffe proper.’

Stephen Fawcett, in his ‘Wharfedale Lays,’ thus gives rein to his poetical fancy, on the fairies of Almas Cliffe and their palace-chamber:

‘’Twas the hour when in Riffa the fallow deer hide,
And Washburn forms cascade and linn,
That De Lacy alone with his bright virgin bride,
A portal espied upon Aumous Cliffe side,
And a varlet, who bid him walk in.

“Whose servitor thou?” quoth De Lacy, “I pray,
For I ken but a gateway and thee.”

“’Tis the Fairy King’s palace; his daughter to-day
In marriage he gives to an Indian fay,
And invites you the espousals to see.”

“Lead on,” said De Lacy, “I long for the sight;”
And the door opened wide with a bang,
And a vast pillar’d hall, full of spangles of light,
Blazed round him with garlands and jewels, bedight,
And eldrich wild laughter-peals rang.

- * To dances of fauns, afrits, elfins burlesque,
 Played fifty horned pipers in green ;
 De Lacy they honoured with greetings grotesque ;
 And high on a daïs of gold arabesque,
 King Oberon sat with his queen.
- ‘ In his presence, with crown of flame-spiral, bright red,
 Stood the monarch of India’s son ;
 And the king’s blushing daughter before him was led—
 In mirth, song, and music the marriage rite sped ;
 Then off like a flash, on the wedding tour fled
 The pair to see “ Prester John.”
- ‘ Then the king raised his wand, and the silence, to hear
 His majesty’s ’hest, was profound ;
 And he spoke, as he lifted his goblet in air,
 “ From my cup, never drained, drink a health to the fair,
 Drink wisdom, and let it go round.”
- ‘ Round, round birl’d the bowl, till its circuit was made,
 And De Lacy drank deep with his bride ;
 And the palace was gone, and they found themselves laid,
 Awake and unharmed, in a witch-hazel shade,
 Upon haunted old Aumous Cliffe side.’

THE FAIRIES AT WILLY HOUE.

Among the ancient grave-mounds, or barrows, in the Wold districts of Yorkshire, which were favourite haunts of the fairies, no place was more favoured by them than ‘ Willy Houe,’ a large barrow near Wold Newton in the East Riding. It is related of this spot, by William of Newborough, an Augustinian canon, whose chronicle terminates about the time of the death of Richard I., that as a man was riding, late at night, near Willy Houe, he heard the most soft and delightful music proceeding from it. He carefully approached the place, and then saw, through a door open in the side of the mound, a magnificent hall, with a great company of fairies banqueting therein. Before he

could withdraw, an attendant came forth and offered to him drink, from a magnificent cup. He knew the danger of eating, or drinking, with fairies, and resisted the temptation, but seized the cup from the hand of the cup-bearer and succeeded, though hotly pursued by the whole company, in carrying it off in safety. 'It was,' says the chronicler, 'a vessel of unknown material, of unusual colour and shape.' The legend as told in the locality now, states that it was of 'fairy' gold, and so of no value. It was given to Henry I., who seems to have thought it of sufficient value, intrinsic or otherwise, to send to his brother-in-law, David, King of Scotland, to whom, it is said, he presented it.

This is, of course, the same legend, in a somewhat different dress, and possibly older, as that of 'The Luck of Edenhall.' The Edenhall goblet was made of more fragile ware, as Longfellow tells us :

'Then speaks the lord, and waves it light :
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it : *If this glass doth fall,
Farewell then, O luck of Edenhall.*"'

HUMOROUS FAIRY STORIES.

Tempting as it is to pursue the subject, this chapter shall close with two humorous fairy stories told by Dr. Dixon, so often referred to before. He says : 'In Craven we have many village legends about the fairies, and we have met with several individuals who have seen them, and had encounters with them.'

One of these individuals was a man named Daniel Cooper. He used to relate that one moonlight night, as he was returning from Kilnsay to Burnsall, he took

a footpath across the fields. There he came upon a number of fairies dancing in a field occupied by himself as a market-garden. He, being conversant with fairy lore, took care not to interrupt them, or in any way disturb them, by any indication of his presence. Next morning his daily avocation took him to the spot, when he found the ground covered with the most beautiful mushrooms.

Daniel thought the matter over, and remembered that there was a slight breeze at the time he thought he saw the elfin band, on the previous evening, and there were some hawthorn bushes slightly overshadowing the place. 'What,' thought he, 'after all, my fairies may have been only the mushrooms, which seemed only to move by reason of the moonlight shadows, of the wavering branches of the bushes, falling upon them.' This he told to his wife, who was a more firm believer in the 'green folk' than her husband. She would not accept his explanation, exclaiming: 'Nay, nay, Daniel, you saw the fairies, and the mushrooms are a gift to you, because you were so good, and did not disturb them in their dance.'

The other story relates also to a man who resided near Burnsall. He was passing Elbothon Hill—the fairies' haunt—when he also saw a large number of them dancing in the moonlight. He knew their wishes always to be left uninterrupted; but he so far forgot himself as to offer to join in their revellings by singing a song. He was at once attacked by the whole band, and so punished by pinches and kicks, that he was glad to get away as quickly as possible. He, however, succeeded, as he

fled, in taking one of them prisoner—whether a lady or gentleman the record sayeth not—and he secured, as he thought, him or her, in the pocket of his coat. Rejoicing in his capture, he hastened home, where he delighted his children, by telling of the beautiful living doll he had secured for them. But, alas! when the prison-house was opened and searched, the prisoner had fled!

Perhaps some reader may have been more successful, and have both caught, and been able to retain, a fairy. Who knows!

Fairyland.

‘Giants and fairies throng the brooks,
The whole green earth is fairyland!
You find them in dim woodland nooks,
Giants and fairies throng the brooks,
They hide within the harvest stooks,
And where the spotted foxgloves stand!
Giants and fairies throng the brooks,
The whole green earth is fairyland.’

Frescoes, by ED. LAMPLOUGH.





IV.

ADDITIONAL LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS RELATING TO WELLS, LAKES, ETC.

GORMIRE.

THERE is another legend connected with Gormire (*vide* first series of 'Legends and Traditions,' p. 218), and the high rocks, named Whitestone Cliff, in which Hambleton plain terminates, above it. One portion of this lofty cliff is known as 'The White Mare Cliff,' and thereto hangs the story.

It is told with great force, and in most racy verse, by the Rev. Richard Abbay, M.A., in a volume of poetry, recently published, entitled, 'The Castle of Knaresborough: and The White Mare of Whitestone Cliff.' It is impossible to do better than to follow his lead in relating the legend.

We are told there lived, 'once upon a time,' an Abbot of Rievaulx, who was more devoted to secular things than to his sacred work. Among the treasures which the Abbot possessed—and one of which he was very proud—was a white Arab mare, of great beauty and swiftness.

'In a stall at the back of the Abbey there stood
 A mare of the purest of Arab blood,
 Brought from a distant land and given
 By a knight to the abbot to aid him to heaven ;
 White as the falling snow, and fair
 As the abbot's lawn when he went to prayer,
 Or the foam that leaps from the breaker in air ;
 White as the wild swan's plumage bright,
 Swift as the wild roe's startled flight ;
 Freedom had fashioned each muscle and thew,
 Freedom was coursing her limbs through and through ;
 And the joyful life of earlier days
 Still shone in her eyes at the abbot's praise,
 Those wondrous eyes of darkest hue,
 That told of a heart undoubting and true,
 To dare all a rider dare bid her to do ;
 But gentle and mild
 As a little child,
 Though full of old love for the desert wild.'

At a neighbouring castle there resided a knight,
 whom the writer names Sir Harry de Scriven, and
 thus describes him :

'Sir Harry came of old Yorkshire stock,
 The rarest chip of a rare old block ;
 The huntingest squire
 In the huntingest shire,
 His nerve never failed, his limbs would not tire ;
 A rollicking son of a rollicking sire.'

He, too, possessed a famous steed, one that always
 bore its master to the foremost place in the chase :

'Though foremost far, yet far behind,
 Sir Harry rode on old Nightwind ;
 The brave black steed his rider knew,
 Each was like each, of metal true.
 A full score times with fatal speed
 Had Nightwind ta'en and held the lead,
 And hounds, Sir Harry, and his steed,
 Alone had done the parlous deed.'

Between the abbot and the knight there was abiding jealousy, and the one was ever ready to steal a march upon the other. One autumn evening, as he was returning from the chase, Sir Harry, upon Nightwind, had to pass a well-known hostelry, somewhere out on the plain of Black Hambleton :

‘ Not far from the spot where the stag had died
Was a hostel, well known o’er the country-side ;
Old Ralph, the retainer, kept excellent fare,
And wondrous ale for the monks who came there.

* * * * *

‘ And here as Sir Harry was riding by,
In the parlour the abbot he chanced to spy,
Drinking and blinking,
And thinking and winking,
In his very bright way, with his very bright eye.
Sir Harry drew rein,
In a frolicsome vein,
To make the good abbot his conduct explain.’

Nightwind was led to the stable, where already stood the abbot’s white mare ; and Sir Harry joined the ecclesiastic in the inn parlour. In rough jokes and chaff between the two, some time passed away. Meanwhile the night had come on, and set in wild and dark.

At length the knight recollected, that he had a message for the abbot from a sick yeoman, living away upon the bleak plain, requiring the priest’s attendance to shrive, and to pray with him, at once. Solemnly he delivered the message, and suggested that upon such a night his own horse, Nightwind, would be a much safer steed for the abbot than his own white mare. The abbot agreed, and consented to Sir Harry accom-

panying him, some distance on the road, 'to show him the way,' upon the white mare.

Thus mounted, they started together ; and the sequel must be told in Mr. Abbay's inimitable verse :

'Then they mounted in haste, and the frolic begun ;
 The mare, like her rider, was full of the fun ;
 She capered and danced,
 Curvetted and pranced,
 And thought to herself, "There's a race to be run."
 With a touch of the spur and jerk of the rein,
 Sir Harry and she tore over the plain ;
 But though he rode fast,
 Sir Harry was last ;
 Old Nightwind, it seemed, could not be surpassed,
 And ride as he would,
 The abbot so shrewd
 Was still at his side with a neck to the good ;
 And the abbot so stout,
 So far round about,
 Seemed like a feather,
 And stuck to the leather
 As if Nightwind and he had been soldered together,
 And carelessly turned in his saddle and beckoned,
 To intimate plainly the pace should be quickened.
 Then all that she knew,
 That Arab did do,
 And Sir Harry was in a most wonderful stew,
 As he thought with the abbot he had not quite reckoned,
 But he rode with the jock who had never been second.
 * * * * *
 'Sir Harry grew wilder, and wilder, and wilder ;
 He swore at the mare, and loudly reviled her ;
 He swore at the abbot in wrathful surprise ;
 He swore at himself, he swore at his eyes,
 And seemed as if blind,
 Or out of his mind,
 As new was the feeling of riding behind
 Such a corpulent cleric ;
 It made him choleric,
 And roused up sensations akin to hysteric.

'So the knight never knew,
As nearer they drew

To that terrible spot where Hambleton Heath
Breaks off in a cliff to the valley beneath ;
Eight hundred feet sheer by plummet-line sounded,
And nought but some heather the precipice bounded.
'Tis a terrible cliff ; e'en the stoutest grow pale,
As they stand on the brink and look down the vale.

'To the edge of this cliff race blindly the pair ;
Too late ! they are over ! they gallop in air !
'Tis the last leap he'll take on that brave Arab mare.
Down, down to the rocks ; 'twas a terrible sight !
And the knight never knew how he ended the flight :
For his quick-rushing breath
Was stifled in death

Ere he reached the sharp rocks of the valley beneath.
But a strange sight he saw in process of dying :
Far over his head old Nightwind was flying ;
And a long pointed tail o'er his haunches was flowing ;
Two horns on the head of the abbot were growing ;
And his feet cleft in twain in the stirrups were showing ;
And a very harsh voice in jubilant tones
Cried, " Sir Harry de Scriven, beware of the stones,
But a novice, like you, must expect broken bones ;
If you must play a trick,
Don't try on old Nick ;

I'll see you below when I visit the sick."
Then into the tarn, half a mile from the precipice,
The abbot and Nightwind popped with, you'll guess, a hiss.
And the waters of Gormire, once sparkling and bright,
To the blackness of ink were changed in that night ;
But whether because of the abbot or Nightwind,
Tho' I've searched all the records I never could quite find.
But the cliff where the white mare met such disaster
Was bleached suddenly white as the lawn of her master.
And still the good folks of the valley below,
When the mist like a curtain hangs from the brow
Of the white steep, declare
That a terrified mare
Will leap from the cliff, and melt into air.

* * * * *

‘ Kind reader, be pleased for a moment to listen. If
 Ever you stand on the brink of old Whisson cliff,
 At the spot where the mare took her terrible header,
 You'll say that no horse could ever be deader ;
 And as proof of my tale, there's the tarn black and deep,
 And the cliff white as snow, and fearfully steep ;
 And if you in your heart no regret for the knight find,
 At least shed a tear for the Arab and Nightwind.’

SEMERWATER.

‘ Semerwater rise ! Semerwater sink !
 And cover all save this lile house,
 That gave me meat and drink.’

Old Rhyme.

There are several other poetical versions, of the legend regarding Semerwater, besides that given in the first series of ‘ Legends and Traditions.’ The following is one of the best, and gives some details not noticed in that by Mrs. Phillips. I have been unable to ascertain the name of the author, or I would gladly have given it, while using, with some slight additions, his delightful production :

Lake Semerwater.

‘ Green grows the fern on Fleetwood Wold,
 And brown the mantling heather ;
 The hare-bells blue and furze-bloom gold
 Blend sweetly there together ;
 And Nature spreads, with flowery pride,
 The robes which Peace has brought her,
 Where Bain's untroubled wavelets glide
 Down to Lake Semerwater.
 ‘ The breeze, through ash and birchen bowers,
 Blows soft when day is closing,
 And rocks the lily's waxen flowers
 Upon the tide reposing.

Gay with the blackbird's echoing tones,
And calmed by dusk of even,
The twilight star looks down and owns
'Tis almost fair as heaven.

' Yet legends say the peaceful scene
Is but of late creation—
That erst these grassy glades have been
A waste and desolation ;
They tell how once a busy town
Stood where these waves are flowing ;
The streets are hidden where, far down,
The lily roots are growing.

' One day a poor and aged man
Passed through the thriving city,
And meekly ask'd of those he saw
For food and rest in pity ;
But all so cold their hearts had grown,
With cares and fashions splendid,
The homeless man passed on alone,
Faint, worn, and unbefriended.

' Outside the town a cottage stood,
The house of Shepherd Malcolm,
Who took him in, and gave him food,
And rest, and warmth, and welcome.
Next morning, standing at the door,
He looked toward the city,
And raised his hand and murmured o'er
The words of this strange ditty :
" Semerwater rise ! Semerwater sink !
And bury the town, all save the house
Where they gave me meat and drink !"

' And straightway then the water rose,
From out the brown earth gushing ;
From where the river Bain now flows,
Came heavy billows rushing,
And buried all the stately town,
And drowned the helpless people ;
Full fathoms five the waters flowed
Above the great church steeple !

‘And still when boating on the lake,
When sunset clouds are glowing,
The roof and spires may yet be seen
Beneath the blue waves showing ;
And as the calm of evening falls—
No sound from landward bringing—
Soft music’s heard from hidden bells,
Deep ’neath the waters ringing.
‘On Shepherd Malcolm and his spouse,
The old man left his blessing,
And so they prospered every day,
With flocks and herds increasing.
Nor did it rest with them alone,
But reached to son and daughter,
Until the land was all their own
About Lake Semerwater.’

Yet another, and longer, poetical version of the legend, by Mr. C. Horner, of Leyburn, has been published since the appearance of the former series of these ‘Legends and Traditions.’ With the concluding lines of this poem, may well end this, somewhat extended, account of the legend of Semerwater :

‘But deep in stilly gloom abide
The proud remains of Semer town,
The daylight’s sunny beam denied,
That looks in bright compassion down ;
For when the smiling orb doth rise,
The deeps reflect his gleam again,
And all his wasted radiance lies
Upon the stretching water-plain.
And oft beneath a tranquil sky
Their fated walls their forms will show,
And peering mortals may descry
Their waving outline far below.
‘So sleep the evils of past days
Within the bosom of all time ;
The busy present, like a haze,
Doth shelter many a social crime ;

But often in Life's eventide,
The light of memory, clear and strong,
Will sweep the mist of years aside,
And usher forth a hidden wrong.
How deep the pool 'tis hard to know,
Wherein the ills of life are cast ;
'Tis hard to say how clear may grow
The flowing waters of the past.'

ST. OSWALD'S, OR ST. OSWY'S, WELL, ROSEBERRY
TOPPING.

Another version (*vide* first series of 'Yorkshire Legends and Traditions') of the legend regarding this well is, not that the youthful Prince Oswy wandered away from his mother's care on the mountain-top, and met his untimely death in a well already existing there, but that, as the princess and her child sat together on the hillside, the spring, now forming the well, instantaneously broke forth, where they were sitting, and engulfed mother and child together. The burial, according to this version, of the mother and child in one grave, at the church of the village—previously called Kirkby—emphasizes the change of name to Os-by-his-mother-lay, abbreviated to Osmotherley.

THE RAG WELL.

Another tradition is connected, by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1823 A.D.), with the well at Roseberry Topping, but my friend Mr. George Markham Tweddell, whose knowledge of all relating to the district entitles his opinion to the highest respect, assures me that the writer in the magazine has confounded another well, named the 'Chapel Well,' or 'Rag Well,' near Great Ayton, with St. Oswald's or

Oswy's Well, and that it is to the former that his remarks apply.

This writer states that St. Oswald's Well, near the foot of Roseberry Topping, 'between the towns of Aten (Ayton) and Newton, has, in the opinion of the neighbours, a particular charm, which is this: If a shirt or shift, taken off a sick person, be thrown into this well, it will show whether the person so sick will recover or not. If the article float, it denotes the recovery of the person to whom it belongs; but if it sink, there is no hope for the life of the sufferer. To reward the patron saint of the well for his intelligence, a rag was torn off, from the garment, and left hanging upon the briars there about, "where," says the writer of a MS. in the Cottonian Library, "I have seen such numbers as might have made a fayre rheme in a paper myll."' '

ST. JOHN'S WELL AT MOUNT GRACE.

The ruins of the Carthusian Priory of Mount Grace are beautifully situated, under the shade of wood-clad hills, about seven miles to the north-east of North-allerton.

In the wood, to south-east of the ruins, is the well which once supplied the priory with water, and is known as St. John's Well, or sometimes is called 'The Wishing Well.'

Grainge, in his 'History of the Vale of Mowbray,' says, that it is a source of amusement to young ladies, who visit the spot, to cast bent pins struck through ivy-leaves into the water, and then think of the wish most dear to the heart, it is to be presumed with the

object of bringing about its fulfilment. 'The first time we visited the ruins we saw many of the pin-stuck leaves floating in the water. There had been a picnic, or social party, in the priory grounds during the day. We drank of the water, which is excellent, and while doing so had the audacity to think that we had

'“Mused on ruins gray
With years, and drunk from old and fabulous wells.”'

THE PIN-WELL AT BRAYTON.

At Brayton, near Selby, there is a celebrated pin-well. This, and other pin-wells, were so named from the superstition alluded to in the above account of St. John's Well. Mr. F. Ross, F.R.H.S., of London, contributed a long account of the ceremony, practised at this well, in a pleasant article to the literary supplement of the *Leeds Mercury*, in July, 1884.

ST. SIMON'S WELL IN COVERDALE.

On the banks of the river Cover, near to Coverham, is a well, formerly used as a bath, but now neglected, called St. Simon's Well.

Tradition relates that St. Simon, the Cananæan and Apostle, was buried here. 'An evident mistake,' remarks the historian of Wensleydale.

The place is thus noticed in a poem descriptive of Coverdale, by the Rev. James Law, published early in this century :

'The ruins of St. Simon are forgot,
That deep, sequestered, wood-o'ershadowed spot,
(Suppose it truth, which records old declare,
The holy Canaanite was buried there?)

Near Cover-side, where from a rocky dell,
The streams gush out and fill the ancient well.

* * * * *
'And still one day, in honour of the saint,
In feasting yearly through the dale is spent.'

THE RIVER-HORSE OF THE YORE, NEAR MIDDLEHAM.

Most rivers have their sprites, or river-horses, or kelpies. Possibly these are the echoes of the river goddesses of heathen and mythical days.

The Yore, near Middleham, is said to have been much infested by a kelpie, or river-horse. 'It,' says Langstaffe in his 'History of Richmondshire,' 'riseth from the stream at evening, and rampeth along the meadows eager for prey.' And 'Certainly,' adds Barker, in his 'Wensleydale,' 'most marvellous tales of water-spirits, on and about the stream, are not only told by

"... Gray-headed eld
In superstitious credence held,"

but also by many others.' It is said that the kelpie claims, at least, one human victim annually. Those, who are acquainted with the river, cannot be surprised at all that the tribute is, by means of accidents, pretty punctually rendered.

PEG O' NELL'S WELL AT WADDOW.

Waddow Hall is at Waddington, in the parish of Mitton, separated from Lancashire only by the river Ribble. Within the grounds of the Hall, and near the banks of the river, is the well from which the water-supply of the place is obtained, and known as 'Peg o' Nell's Well.'

Peg o' Nell was a young woman who, 'once upon a time,' was servant at the Hall. She had, upon a certain day, a bitter quarrel with her master and mistress, who, upon her departure to the well, to obtain the domestic supply of water, wished that before she came back she might fall and break her neck. The wish was realized. The ground was covered with ice, and by some means the girl slipped, and, falling, broke her neck.

In order to annoy those who had wished her this evil, her spirit continually revisited the spot, and, with shrieks and hideous noises of all kinds, allowed them no rest, especially during the dark nights of winter.

She became the evil genius of the neighbourhood. Every disagreeable noise that was heard was attributed to Peggy; every accident that occurred was brought about by Peggy. No chicken was stolen, no cow sickened or died, no calf was bewitched, no sheep strayed, no child was ill, no youth or maiden took to bad ways, but Peggy came to be regarded as at the bottom of the mischief.

In addition to inflicting these perpetual annoyances, she required, every seventh year, a life to be sacrificed to appease her. The story was—as told by R. Dobson in his 'Rambles on the Ribble'—that unless 'Peg's Night'—as the time of sacrifice, at the end of every seventh year, was called—was duly observed by the inhabitants of the place, and some living animal duly slain and offered, the life of a human being would certainly be taken before the morning.

One wild winter's night, when the winds blew in fitful gusts, and beat the rain against windows, a young man had stayed, at a neighbouring inn, longer than was

good for him, but yet he boastfully declared, that he must cross the river and be in Clitheroe that night. Efforts to induce him not to brave the storm, and the swollen river, were vain. To clench them, however, the maidservant of the inn reminded him, that it was Peg o' Nell's night, and no life had yet been sacrificed to her; he must not therefore go.

He cared not for Peg o' Nell; he laughed at the superstition as to her demands, and, giving his horse the rein, was soon at the riverside. There was then no bridge, as now, but only a ford, and the 'hippins' over which, long years before, Henry VI. had essayed his flight. Next morning horse and rider were found drowned. How the accident happened no one knew—no eye saw it; but no one doubted but that Peg o' Nell had exacted her septennial tribute.

By her well stood a statue, in later years, headless. It is said to have come into this condition by the malevolence of one of her victims. Having suffered from her evil influence, in some way or other, the injured man seized a hatchet, and ran, and, in his blind fury, aimed a blow at the statue, which effectually decapitated it. Whether this act destroyed the power of Peg for evil, or her malevolence died a gradual death, records say not. But certain it is, that her deeds of terror ceased, and she, her night, and her demand of life, are well-nigh forgotten. A substantial bridge was in due time built over the river at 'Bungerley Hippins,' and travellers now pass and repass the swollen river with safety. This may have had much to do, with the death of the superstition, as to the septennial tribute exacted before.



V.

ADDITIONAL MONASTIC LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

LASTINGHAM AND ITS TRADITIONS: ST. CEDD AND ST. CHAD.

REMOVEDLY seated among the moors of the North Riding, seven miles from Pickering, is the village of Lastingham, a place most closely, and ever, connected with the early Church of this country, and so having far more than a local interest. It has its place in authentic history; but beyond this, there are gathered around it, its monastery, its church, and its saints, many legends and traditions of great interest and beauty.

Canon Raine thus describes the spot: 'About the middle of the seventh century, Bishop Cedd, by permission of Ethelwald, King of Deira, founded the monastery of Lastingham, near Kirkby-Moorside, in accordance with the Scottish rule. The remains of that little sanctuary may still be seen. They are standing on the slopes of a long hill that looks towards the north, and the heather creeps up towards its foot

as if it were envious of the bright green turf that lies in the hollow below the church. Solitary is the village now, and solitary it must have been at all times. In that little shrine are resting the bones of the evangelizer of the East Saxons, and to the cell, which once stood near it, came the Venerable Beda to learn, from the brethren of the house, how their two first abbots, Cedd and his brother Chadd, had lived and died.'

Cedd, and Cynibil, and Cœlin, and Chadd, were four brothers, natives of Northumbria, priests, and probably all, or all but one, pupils in St. Aidan's famous missionary school at Lindisfarne.

Cedd, the eldest, was called into Mercia. In the year 653, Peada, son of the notorious Penda, heathen King of Mercia, took a Northumbrian Christian princess for his bride, and with her, to her father-in-law's domains, went four Northumbrian priests, of whom Cedd was one. To these Mercia owed its Christianity. Cedd, however, did not long remain there, but was summoned to another field of labour.

Sigebert, King of the East Saxons, on a visit to Oswy of Northumberland, besought that Christian missionaries might be sent to his people. Oswy fixed upon Cedd as the man to head the work, and, recalling him from Mercia, sent him, with a priest-assistant, into what is now Essex. Thither he went, and the work prospered under his hand, but he never forgot for long his native Northumbria. Once he returned, partly to consult with Bishop Finan, at Lindisfarne; on that occasion he was consecrated, by Finan and two other bishops, bishop of the nation of the East Saxons. How, upon his return to his bishopric, he laboured

there, built churches, ordained priests and deacons to assist him, and won the nation again to the Christian faith, belongs to the history of the East Saxons; and the traditions which still linger there of his great work, and of his personal piety, and devotion in the work, belong to the traditions of Essex.

During this time—654-664—his brother Cœlin had become chaplain to Ethelwald, King of Deira, now Yorkshire.

Ethelwald, in the words of Bede, ‘finding him a holy and wise man, and of a good disposition, desired him to accept some land to build a monastery, to which the king himself might frequently resort, to offer his prayers to the Lord, and hear the Word, and where he might be buried when he died.’

Ever turning toward his beloved home in the North, the saintly bishop of the East Saxons was on a visit to his brother at Ethelwald’s court. No doubt the brothers consulted together, and the result was the foundation of the monastery at Lastingham. Cedd, again to follow Bede, chose a spot among lofty and distant mountains, fit more for the haunts of robbers and of wild beasts than for the habitations of men. Here arose—under the care first of Cœlin, and then of Cedd—the famous monastery. The good bishop became its first abbot, and, whenever possible, retired to the quiet of its walls and its surrounding moorlands. In 664 he visited the place, with some of the brethren of his diocese. In that year there swept through the country a terrible pestilence, known as ‘the yellow plague.’ It struck down high and low alike. The King of Kent, the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, the Bishop of Rochester, Tuda of Lindisfarne, and others, were among its victims. It reached even to Lastingham, and there carried off St. Cedd and all the brethren who had accompanied him. He was first buried in the open burial-ground of the fraternity, 'but in process of time a church was built of stone in the same monastery, in honour of the blessed Mother of God, and his body buried in the same, on the right-hand of the altar.'

Great was the grief, caused by his death, among his disciples and converts in the land of the East Saxons. Thirty brethren of a monastery, which he had there established, at once set off to the place of his sepulchre among the Yorkshire hills, determined to live only near the body of their beloved spiritual father, or, if so God willed, to die where he had died, and be buried where he was buried. They were gladly welcomed by the brethren at Lastingham; but hardly had they taken up their abode there, when the fatal plague again broke out, and all, except one young boy, fell its victims, and were laid to rest where they had sought to be.

ST. CHAD.

Almost with his dying breath, St. Cedd had requested that his youngest brother, Chad, or, as he sometimes is called, Ceadda, might succeed him as abbot. And so he did. The story of St. Chad, Abbot of Lastingham, then successively Bishop of York in the stormy times of Wilfrid, and finally Bishop of Lichfield, is history, and must be only touched upon, so far as is needful, for relating what is more traditional concerning him. He was a most humble-minded, devout, and

holy man, and often placed in positions alien to his disposition.

Soon was he called from Lastingham to the See of York by King Oswy in opposition to Bishop Wilfrid. 'Every ancient writer,' says Canon Raine, 'speaks of Chad with reverence and affection. Gentle he was, and amiable, illustrating by his blameless life the holy rule that he taught others to abide by. The Scriptures were his constant study and guide. In his management of his diocese, the lives of his old master, Aidan, and his brother Cedd, were his exemplar. There was no place that he did not visit on his missionary journeys. If he passed through the gateway of the hall, he did not despise the hovel of the serf, travelling always on foot from place to place, like the holy men of old.'

When Wilfrid returned from his visit to the pope, and claimed the see, which St. Chad was so ably filling, Theodore of Canterbury is said to have intimated to Chad, that there had been something irregular in his consecration. 'If,' replied the humble man, 'I have not been consecrated in due form, I willingly resign my office; I never at any time deemed myself worthy of it; but at my monarch's bidding I accepted it, unworthy as I was, for it was my duty to obey him.'

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and Theodore answered, that there was no sufficient cause, to resign his see.

Peace and retirement were, however, dear to St. Chad, and the opportunity to return to them was not to be lost. He at once retired from his bishopric and

went back, with pleasure, to his old home at Lastingham. This was in 669 A.D.

He was not suffered to remain in his retirement. The Bishop of Mercia died, and Wulfhere, king of that province, anxiously sought the appointment of St. Chad to that see.

The King's anxiety is said to have arisen from his owing his own conversion to him, or to his brother Cedd. The following is the legend, or tradition, regarding it :

‘ Wulfhere had two sons, named Wulfade and Rufine. Wulfade was enthusiastic in the chase, and one day his pursuit of a wounded stag led him to a cell in which Chad, at that period, was living a hermit's life. He there learned from the hermit the story of the Cross, and was baptized. He also, soon after, induced his brother Rufine to follow his example. Together they were found at worship in the cell of Chad, by Wulfhere, their father, and were at once put to death by him in his fury. Remorse followed, and at the instance of his queen, Ermenilda, he sought the counsel and instruction of the hermit, and finally adopted the faith of his murdered children.’

Canon Raine states, that previous to 1603 A.D., there were nine windows, in the west cloister of Peterborough Cathedral, in which the story was related, and to which were subjoined the following mottoes :

‘ The hart brought Wulfade to a well,
That was besyde Seynt Chaddy's cell.’

‘ Wulfade askyd of Seynt Chad,
Where is the hart that me hath lad?’

‘ The hart that hither thee hath brought,
Is sent by Christ that thee hath bought.’

- ‘Wulfade prayed Chad that ghostly leech,
The faith of Christ him for to teach.’
- ‘Seynt Chad teacheth Wulfade the feyth,
And words of baptism over him seyth.’
- ‘Seynt Chad devoutly to mass him dight,
And hoseled Wulfade Christ his Knight.’
- ‘Wulfhere contrite hyed him to Chad,
As Ermenyld him counselled had.’
- ‘Chad bade Wulfhere for his sin,
Abbeys to build his realm within.’
- ‘Wulfhere endued, with high devotion,
The Abbey of Brough with great possession.’

St. Chad became Bishop of Mercia, the seat of whose see was ultimately at Lichfield, and found in Wulfhere, the king, a great supporter and friend. His life, as bishop of his new see, was like his life when he ruled over that of York—humble, devout, self-denying. His journeys were still made on foot, and it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon, in old age, to ride, and that only, when the archbishop, Theodore, himself assisted him to mount, for the first time, his horse. ‘And,’ writes Bede, ‘seeing that it was the custom, of this most reverend prelate, to go about the work of the Gospel on foot, rather than on horseback, Theodore commanded him to ride whenever he had a long journey to make, and, finding him very unwilling to omit, out of love to it, his former pious labour, he himself, with his own hands, lifted him on the horse, for he thought him a holy man, and therefore obliged him to ride wherever he had to go.’

He built a church, dedicated to St. Mary, and the precursor of the present Cathedral at Lichfield, and also a house for his own use at Chadstowe.

In his devotion, he very frequently retired for prayer. If a high wind swept over the wild moors about Lastingham, or around his humble dwelling at Chadstowe, he at once retired to pray for the Divine pity on mankind. If the storm proved one of great violence, or of thunder and lightning, he refused to quit his devotions until it assuaged. When asked why he did so, he replied, 'Have ye not read how the Lord thundered out of heaven, and the Highest gave the thunder? For it is the Lord that moveth the air, and raiseth the wind, darteth the lightning, and sendeth forth His voice to move the inhabitants of the earth to fear Him, to put them in mind of the day when the heavens and the earth shall be wrapped in flames, and He shall come in clouds, with power and majesty, to judge both the quick and the dead.'

The legend of the good man's death, as told by Bede, is a very beautiful one.

There resided with him, near his church, seven brethren, his daily companions in labour, in reading, and in prayer. Besides these, there was with him a monk named Ouini, who had accompanied him, in all his vicissitudes, for many years. Ouini, originally a man of mark in the suite of the Queen of East Anglia, had, probably in St. Cedd's time, given up all, and gone in the dress of a humble labourer, to live with St. Chad at Lastingham. Thenceforward there existed a bond of union, between the two, which only death dissolved.

One day, at the end of February, 672 A.D., St. Chad was at prayer in his small oratory, or church, and Ouini was engaged in his ordinary occupations outside, but at no great distance. Suddenly Ouini heard the

sweet voices of a celestial choir, as it were descending from heaven, and singing as they came. His eye could discern nothing, but the voices drew near to him ; then they seemed to be hovering over, and around, the place where St. Chad was at prayer. Then the band entered in, and, for nigh thirty minutes, the monk stood entranced with the still more glorious burst of melody. Then, as suddenly as it came, the anthem of joy seemed to rise up from the church, and gradually die away in the skies :

‘ Then seemed to go right up to heaven,
And die among the stars.’

While Ouini was musing on this burst of joy, the window of the oratory was opened, and St. Chad beckoned to him to draw near. He did so, and was bid to haste to the church, where the seven brethren of the fraternity were at prayers, and call them to their bishop, and himself come with them. When they were come, he charged them to live together in love, and unity, and the practice of the discipline of their house ; and then told them, that he was about—very soon—to be taken from them, adding, ‘ The sweet singer, who has visited our brethren, has visited me also this day, and I have had his summons from this world. Go to the church again, and speak to the brethren there, that they, in their prayers, commend me to the Lord, and charge them, that they be careful to remember, that they too must die.’

When the brethren, thus charged, had departed, the saint’s life-long companion reverently drew near to him and besought him : ‘ What was that melody which he

had been privileged to hear?' 'Heardest thou that?' replied St. Chad; 'I charge thee, in the name of the Lord, to speak of that to no one before I die. Thou didst hear the voices of the angels, bidding me to those joys of heaven, that I have loved and longed for always. In seven days they shall be mine, for they shall then come for me.'

In seven days St. Chad was dead. On the 2nd of March, 672 A.D., he passed to his rest.

In after-days, it was told, that his brother, St. Cedd, whom he had so loved and faithfully followed, descended with an angelic choir, and, singing their songs of joy, returned heavenward bearing with them the soul of St. Chad.

The body, however, was buried at Lichfield, far away from the resting-place of that of St. Cedd—their beloved Lavingham.

The wonders, said to have been wrought at the saint's tomb at Lichfield, seem to belong more to the legends of that place, than to those of Yorkshire, and they are left for others to relate.

In the preface to his writings, the venerable Bede relates the sources, from which he derived the information he imparts, and his words respecting Lavingham, and its two saints, may well close this account of them:

'But how, by the pious ministry of the religious priests of Christ, Cedd and Ceadda, the province of the Mercians was brought to the faith of Christ, which they knew not before, and how that the East Saxons recovered the same, after having renounced it, and how those fathers lived and died, are diligently learned from

the brethren of the monastery, which was built by them, and is called Laestingeau.'

St. Cedd's Well, in the village street, yet preserves the saint's name in the village.

WILLIAM THE HERMIT OF LINDHOLME.

In the parish of Hatfield, in South Yorkshire, there was formerly—now drained—a large morass, some fifteen miles in circumference, called Hatfield Wade, or the Turf Moor. In the centre of this, there was about sixty acres of land, raised above the rest, on which stood a solitary farm-house. This spot was Lindholme. Here, at a long-distant period, lived William de Lindholme, or William the Hermit of Lindholme. Many stories are told of him and his remarkable powers.

There is a proverb in the locality, 'Lindholme has no sparrows.' When William was a boy his parents went to Wroot feast, leaving the youth at home to keep the sparrows from the ripening crops. This did not at all accord with the youth's inclinations. He, therefore, drove all the sparrows into a barn, and shut them in, by placing a harrow (one account says a waggon) against the door. He then followed his parents to the feast, who naturally rebuked him for deserting his duties, and leaving all the grain exposed to the ravages of the birds. 'Make yourselves at ease,' replied the youthful William, 'I have shut them all up in the barn.' And there, on his parents' return in the evening, they found them, all dead, however, but four or five, and they were turned white with fright. After this no sparrows were ever seen at Lindholme.

When William grew to manhood he was possessed of extraordinary physical strength. Two immense boulder-stones, named the Thumb-stone and the Little Finger-stone, are reported to have been brought to the place, they now occupy, by him, on the members of his hand indicated by their names.

He lived in his later years alone, a hermit's life. Abraham de Pryme, the diarist, wrote of him :

‘ Within an humble, lonesome cell,
He free from care and noise does dwell;
No pomp, no pride, no cursed strife,
Disturbs the quiet of his life.
A truss or two of straw his bed,
His arms the pillow for his head ;
His hunger makes his bread go down,
Although it be both stale and brown.
A purling brook that runs hard by
Affords him drink whene’er he’s dry,
In short, a garden and a spring
Do all life’s necessities bring.’

As the infirmities of age grew upon him, and he was warned of death’s approach, he dug for himself a grave, beneath the floor of his cell, and provided a large stone for its cover. This he propped up, in a leaning position over the hole, with a piece of wood. When death’s hand seemed to be upon him, he laid himself down in his self-made grave, and, by a string attached to the prop of the stone, he pulled it away, and allowed the stone to drop into its place and cover him, and thus became, not only his own grave-digger, but his own sexton also.

THE LADY CHAPEL AT MOUNT GRACE.

‘Ye pilgrims to the Mount called Grace,
 Who still may wend your way,
 Be sure that when you take your leave,
 With grace you go your way :
 So come with grace, and go with grace,
 And still Grace will remain,
 When next you make a call this way,
 Consider this refrain.’

Visitors' Book.

At the top of the hill, to the east of the ruins of the Priory of Mount Grace, near Northallerton, there stand the remains of a small building known as the Lady Chapel. It is said to have been founded in 1515 A.D., and to have had a monk's cell—for the custodian, presumably—on the east side, and was probably intended for the burial-place of the monks of the priory.

The steps leading up to it were known as the Lady's Steps; but the stones, which formed them, have all disappeared, and the place is now somewhat difficult of access.

‘Our Lady of Mount Grace’ was wont to be generous to her devotees, as the following relations testify.

George Lazingby, monk of Jervaulx Abbey, at the time of its dissolution, was wont to have inconvenient visions and dreams. Sir Francis Bigod, king's commissioner, writes from Middleham Castle, where he was staying, to Thomas Cromwell: ‘He told me divers other of his visions, and especially one of our Lady of the Mount Grace; how he was in her chapel there, and she appearing unto him said, “George! George! be of good cheer, for I may not yet spare thee!” with other such madness.’

Numerous miracles are said to have been performed by her in this, her chapel. Among others, the recovery of an apparently dead child, and the instantaneous cure of many, of the sweating sickness, and other afflicting maladies.

So notorious had her fame here become, in the reign of James I., that multitudes from far and near resorted to the place, and to put a stop to 'these Popish, idle, and superstitious pilgrimages, and like vanities,' the *Commission for Ecclesiastical Causes at York*, in 1614 A.D., issued an order to all justices of the peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, and all other of his majesty's officers and loving subjects within the province of York, in which it is set forth, 'Whereas it (the Commission) is enformed, that diverse and sundrie superstitious and Popishlie affected persons, have frequented, and still doe frequent (in the manner of pilgrimage) to repaire unto a certaine Chappell or Hermytage, nere unto the late dissolved Monasterie of Mount Grace, in Cleveland of the dioces of Yorke, especiaillie upon the Ladies', and other Saints' eves, and certaine other sett, and appointed tymes, the saide persons, flockinge together, doe observe and practise diverse superstitious and Popishe ceremonies, and have certaine unlawfull conventicles for the actinge and performinge of sundrie such Popishe, idle, and superstitious pilgramages, and like vanyties; And forasmuch as those persons that doe repaire thither, come secretlie and closelie, and for the moste parte in the nighte tyme, whose names are not known certainlie, the rather for that some of theme are thought to come from farr, therefore . . . we will and command that you . . . doe attache and appre-

hende, or cause to be apprehended, not onlie all and everie suche person and persons, as have frequented the saide pilgrimage, but also all and everie suche person and persons as you, or anie of youe shall take at the said Chappell or Hermytage at anie tyme hereafter, and to sett downe their names, surnames and quallities, and other circumstances which maye tende to the sifting owt of the cause and purpose of theire cominge thither.'

Whether this fulmination of authority put a stop to the miracles of 'Our Lady of Mount Grace,' and the visits of her devotees, does not appear; only both have now ceased, and the chapel, though not uncared for, is in ruins.

Sir John Byerley wrote of the Priory ruins:

'Ye gloomy vaults, ye hoary cells,
Ye cloistered domes, in ruins great,
Where sad and mournful silence dwells,
How well instruct ye by your fate !

* * * *

'How frail, how weak is human art,
By works like these to raise a name !
What empty vapours swell the heart !
On what strange plans we build for fame !

'Tis virtue only laughs at age,
And soars beyond the reach of time,
Mocks at the tyrant's fiercest rage,
For ever awfully sublime.'

SAINT HILDA'S BELLS: A WHITBY LEGEND.

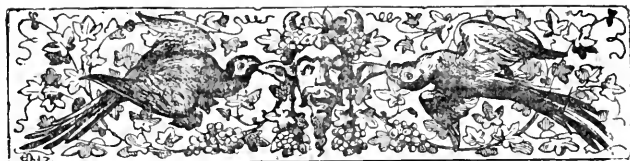
Several legends, connected with Whitby Abbey, are given in the First Series of 'Yorkshire Legends and Traditions,' and among the rest one relating to the bells of the abbey.

The following, by Mrs. G. M. Tweddell, however, differs from the former version in several respects; and as the details of it are stated to have been gathered from the fishermen, on the spot, and not taken from books, it seems desirable to give it also, as told by the authoress.

- ‘ The sea was calm, the clouds hung low
And on his good ship’s deck
The pirate walked in sullen mood—
A man no laws could check.
- ‘ His crew looked on all silently,
For none durst question him ;
They knew he planned some daring deed,
To do when night grew dim.
- ‘ At length he stopped. “ My men,” quoth he,
“ See you old Whitby town ?
I’ the abbey tower some bells are hung ;
This night we’ll have them down.
- ‘ “ Cast anchor there below the cliff,
A stout heart never quails ;
Be brave, my lads ! and we to-night
Will steal St. Hilda’s bells.”
- ‘ The task is heavy ; “ Ha, ha, ha !”
The pirate laughed with glee :
“ Our ship will bear a weighty load
When we put out to sea.
- ‘ “ Our stoutest ropes will lower them down,
And when our prize we win,
We’ll pledge St. Hilda’s memory
In a keg of Hollands gin.”
- ‘ ’Tis bootless here to tell the toil
Of the pirate’s hardy crew,
Or with what oaths he urged them on,
For quick the night hours flew.
- ‘ Before the dawn a wind arose,
But all were safe on board ;
Their work was done, the prize was won,
The ship had got its load.

- ‘ They laid them down to rest awhile,
But the winds blew louder then ;
“ The storm has come,” the captain cried ;
“ Put out to sea, my men !”
- ‘ Louder and louder grew the blast,
The sea ran mountains high ;
But not a yard the ship will move,
Howe’er so hard they try.
- ‘ “ Our ship is doomed !” the pirate said ;
“ A curse is on its load ;
Oh, evil night that e’er we took
Such fearsome goods on board !
- ‘ “ Unload the ship !” he bellowed forth,
But all unheeded then ;
His mandates fell upon the ears
Of his terror-stricken men.
- ‘ The lightning flashed, the thunder roiled,
More fierce the storm raged on ;
No help for them ; when morning dawned
Both ship and crew were gone.
- ‘ Beneath the cliff the vessel sank,
With no one there to save ;
The bells went with the lawless crew
Down to their watery grave.
- ‘ And old folks say that to this day,
When storm the ocean swells,
Above the raging of the wind
Are heard St. Hilda’s bells.
- ‘ Old grand-dames shiver at the sound,
They hear them loud and clear,
Ring, ring, ring, ring ; but younger folks
The bells can never hear.’





VI.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF WITCHCRAFT.

A STORY OF WITCHCRAFT IN YORKSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1621.

‘There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage built of sticks and reedes,
In homely wise and wald with sod around ;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilful want, all careless of her needes :
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off, unknowne, whom-ever she envide.’

Faerie Queene.

THE belief in supernatural power, in certain individuals, to work good or evil to others, has been almost universal, both in time and place.

To explain the origin, and continuance, of such belief is no part of a mere chronicler’s task.

In no parts of Great Britain, has the prevalence of the belief been more pronounced, than in Lancashire and Yorkshire. The golden age of belief in witchcraft seems, in these parts, to have been the days of the later Stuarts, giving rise to the saying, erroneous

though it be, that 'witchcraft and kingcraft came in with the Stuarts.'

Of course, much, that is said with regard to it in Yorkshire, is also common to the craft elsewhere.

The following, given in 'Hone's Year Book,' is a correct description of a witch, according to general acceptance in the county :

'A witch must be a haggard old woman, living in a little rotten cottage under a hill, by a wood-side, and must be seen frequently spinning at the door ; she must have a black cat, two or three broomsticks, an imp or two, and two or three diabolical teats to suckle her imps. She must be of so dry a nature that if you fling her into a river she will not sink ; yet so hard is her fate that, on undergoing the trial, if she do not drown, she must be burnt.'

According to Grose, on the same authority, witches were made in the following manner :

'A man in black tempts a superannuated old woman to sign a contract to become his, both soul and body. On the conclusion of the agreement, he gives her a piece of money, and causes her to write her name and make her mark, on a slip of parchment, with her own blood. Sometimes, also, on this occasion, the witch uses the ceremony of putting one hand to the sole of her foot and the other to the crown of her head. On departing he delivers to her an imp or familiar. The familiar is in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, miller-fly, or some other insect or animal, and, at stated times of the day, sucks her blood through teats on different parts of her body. In making these bargains, there is said to have been, sometimes, a great

deal of haggling. The sum demanded, and given, to bind the bargain, was sometimes a groat, and sometimes half a crown.'

The witches' Sabbath, usually held on a Saturday, was a meeting to which the sisterhood, after being anointed with some magical ointment, were carried through the air on broomsticks, staves, spits, etc., to the place of meeting. There was feasting, music, and dancing, parodying of religion, and conspiracy in plans of evil to be wrought. On these occasions the devil was supposed to preside, and in the rejoicings to take an active part, either in playing the pipes or fiddle, or joining in the dance.

In the following narrative, abbreviated from 'A Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the county of York, in the year 1621 A.D.,' most of these traits of witches, and witch-making, find most apt illustration.

It shows how the belief had laid hold of all classes, when we remember that the writer of this 'Discourse' was the learned translator of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and one, of whom the late Lord Houghton wrote: 'Living in a district of Yorkshire which even now is remote, he placed himself on the highest level of the accomplishments of his age, and he had the peculiar merit of giving to one of the chief classics of a foreign language almost the rank of a classic of his own. In times of turbulent thought and rash opinion, he preserved a rare moderation in matters of religion, and writes with equal distaste of the superstitions of the Papists and the fanaticism of the Puritans.'

The story is told in the form of a *diary*, the entries

in which are *almost daily* for the greater portion of the time over which they extend, viz., from October 28, 1621, to April 11, 1623. It is prefaced by an essay of considerable length, which, however far short of carrying conviction to a modern reader, is still a very learned and able defence of the belief in demonology.

The opening sentences are worth quoting :

‘I present thee, Christian reader, a narrative of witchcraft, of which I am a woful witness, and so can best report it. Read this without vindicating passion, and in reading let thy discretion precede thy judgment. I set down the actions and the accidents truly; observe them seriously,—with learning, if thou be furnished that way, if not, yet with wisdom and religion; the inquiry will afford thee matter enough to assure the wise physician that here is more than natural disease, to answer the superstitious ignorant that the actors of this be no walking ghosts or dancing fairies, and to stop the mouths of the incredulous who deny witches; for in this appeareth the work of Satan,—not merely his own, but assisted by some wicked coadjutors by whose co-operation these innocents be thus cruelly afflicted.’

In the introduction, the young women afflicted are first described to us, and then the women accused of being their tormentors.

Of the former the writer says: ‘Two of the patients are my daughters, of whom this was the estate when the witches began with them. The elder, Helen Fairfax, a maid of twenty-one years, of person healthful, of complexion sanguine, free from melancholy, of capacity not apprehensive of much, but rather hard to learn

things fit, slow of speech, patient of reproof, of behaviour without offence, educated only in mine own house, and therefore not knowing much.

‘Elizabeth, my younger daughter, an infant of scarce seven years,* of a pleasant aspect, quick wit, active spirit, able to receive any instruction, and willing to undergo pains.

‘Besides these of mine, one Maud Jeffray, daughter of John Jeffray, yeoman, aged twelve years, hath suffered much from the same hands.’

The unfortunate women charged with witchcraft were seven in number. Six are described by name, and one as ‘the strange woman.’ Their familiar spirits are also set forth.

One, Margaret Waite, was a widow, whose husband had died at the hand of the executioner for stealing. Her familiar spirit was ‘a deformed thing with many feet, black of colour, and rough with hair, the bigness of a cat, and the name of it unknown.’

The next suspected person was her daughter, ‘a young woman agreeing with her mother in name and condition.’ Her spirit was ‘a cat, spotted with black, and named Inges.’

The third, Jennit Dibble or Dibb, was a very old widow, reputed a witch for many years—a repute which appears to have been hereditary in her family. Her spirit was ‘in the shape of a great black cat, called Gibbe, which hath attended her above forty years.’

The fourth was Margaret Thorp, the daughter of

* These ages do not correspond with the dates in the baptismal register of Fuystone parish. Helen was baptized May, 1605, and Elizabeth October, 1606.

the last named, 'an obedient child and docile scholar of so skilful a parent.' Her familiar was 'in the shape of a bird, yellow of colour, about the bigness of a crow; the name of it Tewhit.'

The next was Elizabeth Fletcher, daughter of Grace Foster, not long since dead, 'notoriously famed for a witch, who had so powerful a hand over the wealthiest neighbours about her, that none of them refused to do anything that she required; yea, unbesought they provided her of fire, and meat from their own tables, and did what else they thought would please her.'

Little is said of the sixth, beyond her name, Elizabeth Dickenson.

The seventh was called 'the strange woman.' This *individuum vagum* had 'a spirit in likeness of a white cat, which she calleth fillie; she hath kept it twenty years.'

'These,' it is added, 'do inhabit within the Forest of Knaresborough, in the parish of Fuystone, in which dwell many more suspected for witchcraft, so that the inhabitants complain much, by secret murmurings, of great losses sustained in their goods, especially in their kine, which should give milk; for help whereof their usual remedy is to go to those fools whom they call *wise men*. And the wizards teach them such wicked fopperies as to burn young calves alive, and the like, whereof I know that experiments have been made by the best sort of my neighbours, and thereby they have found help as they report. So little is the truth of the Christian religion known in this wild place and rude people, upon whose ignorance God have mercy!'

The subjects of the delusion received almost daily

visits from the accused women, and sometimes the apparitions were of the women *in propria personâ*, sometimes of their 'familiar's'; sometimes both were present at the same time; and frequently at these times—in the sufferer's presence—the apparitions of the witches were transformed into those of their familiars, and *vice versâ*. At their approach, which they often foretold, the girls fell into a trance or ecstasy, and, in this condition, freely conversed with them in their different forms, argued with them, and often soundly rated them. They were invisible, of course, to any but the sufferers, and their utterances unheard except by them. The questions, replies, and conversation, however, of the latter were audible and intelligible to the bystanders, and by them were noted down at the time, and confirmed and explained by the girls upon recovery.

The first to come under the spell was the elder daughter, Helen. The power, viz., 'a touch,' to subject her to it, was supposed to have been gained, by one of the women, while 'pinning her band' in the field some months previously.

An attempt to obtain a like power over a neighbour on a subsequent occasion is thus described:

'Thomas Forest, a young man, came riding late near the house of Margaret Wait, and there he was suddenly assaulted by many cats, so that he could hardly defend himself from them, but did ride away with all the speed he could, and so escaped, yet they followed him a great way; and it was told to the children afterward that the cats were witches, then assembled at the house of Wait's wife, who desired to have pulled Thomas

Forest from his horse, that they might have got such a touch of him as they might have afterwards bewitched him.'

The well-known use of images of the victims practised upon was also resorted to. In one of her trances Helen described the appearance of an old woman, who came in at the kitchen door, very wet with rain, and with her an 'ill-favoured thing she could not describe. The woman stood behind it, and took forth of a poke and showed unto her some pictures (images), and a little creeping thing among them. The woman told her these were the pictures by which they bewitched folk. The picture of my daughter Helen was apparelled like her in her usual attire, with white hat, and locks of hair hanging at her ears; that of her sister was also attired in the child's holiday apparel; the rest were naked.'

By means of such an image the death of an infant daughter (Ann Fairfax, baptized June 12, buried October 9, 1621) was believed to have been brought about.

In Pott's 'Discovery of Witchcraft' (Cheetham Society), the process is described, on the confession of one of the Lancashire witches, thus:

'The speediest way to take a man's life away by witchcraft is to make a picture of clay, like unto the shape of the person whom they mean to kill, and dry it thoroughly; and when they would have them to be ill in any one place more than in another, then take a thorne or pinne, and prick it in that part of the picture you would so have to be ill; and when you would have any part of the body to consume away, then take that part of the picture and burn it. And when they would

have the whole body to consume away, then take the remnant of the said picture and burn it; and so there-upon by that means the body shall die.'

In Middleton's 'Witch of Edmonton' there is allusion to the same:

Hecate. What death is 't you desire for Almachildes?

Duchess. A sudden and a subtile.

Hecate. Then I've fitted you.

Here be the gifts of both, sudden and subtile:

His picture made in wax, and gently molten

By a blue fire kindled with dead men's eyes,

Will waste him by degrees.'

Edition 1778, p. 100.

The first entry in the diary is this:

'Imprimis:—Upon Sunday, October 28th, 1621, my eldest daughter, Helen Fairfax, was sent into the parlour in my house at Newhall, a little before supper-time, to see that the fire did no hurt, and there she stayed for a while, when William Fairfax, my eldest son, came into the place, and found her laid along upon the floor in a deadly trance. . . . We took her up, but could not recover her. . . . Nothing judged available was omitted to reduce her to some feeling; but our labour was unprofitable for divers hours, so that some gave her for dead; yet at last she respired, and shortly afterwards spake. Then we found, by her words, her imagination was that she was in the church at Leeds, hearing a sermon made by Mr. Cook, the preacher, and she told every one that spake to her. The next morning she was perfectly well again, but for some few days after she had many like trances, and in them supposed that she saw and talked with her brethren and sisters, who were dead long before.'

The story of a ' charmed ' penny, as related by Fairfax, is too rich to be omitted.

' On Friday, November 23rd, 1621, I was in the kitchen with many of my family, and there some speeches by chance were made of charms and lookers (as our rude people call them), and the names of many were reckoned up who were thought to be skilful therein; and it was said that such as go to these charmers carry and give them a single penny. The words gave occasion to my wife to remember and tell it, that she had a single penny given her amongst other money by Margaret Wait, sen., which she had paid for corn. The woman desired her to keep the penny, for she would come for it again, which she did accordingly a few days after, and demanded it, affirming that she would not lack it for anything, for it kept her from dreaming. She said it had a hole in it, by which she did hang it about her neck in a thread, at which words such as were present laughed heartily. . . . She was very angry, and departed without her penny. At this relation I wished my wife to fetch the penny she had, . . . and told her that if Wait's wife were a witch indeed, then if she went not presently the penny would be gone. She answered that it could not, for it was safely locked up in the desk in the parlour. . . . I arose and with my wife went to the desk, which was locked. We opened it, and sought the penny therein with all diligence, and left not a paper unopened, nor a place unsought, but the penny was not to be found; whereat we were a little amazed, for the place where the penny lay was upon a shelf in the desk easy to be seen, and the desk was securely locked when we came to it.

‘ On Sunday, the 25th of November, Helen went to church both before and after dinner, and in the evening Mr. Smithson, vicar of Fuystone, came to visit her, and tarried supper with us; and after supper, as we sat talking of these things in the parlour, especially of the penny, my daughter had occasion to open the desk, which stood by locked. She opened the lock and lifted up the cover, and presently both she and all who were present saw the penny lying upon the shelf in the desk, to the great marvel of us all, especially of myself, who had so diligently sought for it before. Whereupon I took it and put brimstone upon it, and so thrust it into the midst of the fire, which was so vehement that it moved Mr. Smithson to say, “ So I warrant you it will trouble you no more,” and we all thought it to be molten and consumed; yet upon the Sunday following, the 2nd of December, the penny again lay in our sight before the fire, and was then taken up by Edward Fairfax, my son, a boy of ten years old. Then I took it, and with brimstone and fire dissolved it, and beat it to powder upon a stone.’

Let us hope the penny was now completely got rid of!

About Christmas in the same year (1621) the second daughter, Elizabeth, was subjected to the evil influences of the sisterhood. The manner in which one of them succeeded in touching her, and thus obtaining the power over her, is another interesting episode, over which, however, we must pass.

Witches were not free from sorrows and trials any more than other mortals (if mortals they were). On Friday, March 8, 1622, Margaret Thorp, the fourth of

the seven, appeared unto Helen in great trouble, and weeping bitterly. She probably was feeling how deplorable was her condition.

‘ I am shunned
And hated like a sickness ; made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes.’

She questioned her as to how she became a witch.

‘ Call me witch !
What is the name ? Where and by what art learn’d ?
What spells, what charms or invocations ?
May the thing called “ familiar ” be purchased ?’

The woman replied that one, in the appearance of a man of this world, met her upon the moor, and offered her money, which at first she refused, but afterwards sold herself to him body and soul.

‘ And he made her a lease back again of her life for forty years, which was now ended upon Shrove Tuesday last. The man did write their leases with their blood, and they likewise with their blood set their hands to them. . . . She said further that she knew forty witches, but there were only seven of their company. Helen said : “ I think thy sister at Timble is as evil as thou art, for she speaketh with black things in Timble Gill.” The woman said : “ Thou art a witch if thou canst tell that.” She replied : “ I am not a witch ; . . . her own child told it.” ’

The long-continued affliction, in the family, could not but attract the attention, and excite the curiosity, or sympathy, of the surrounding neighbourhood.

‘ My uncle has of late become the sole
Discourse of all the country ; for a man respected
As master of a governed family ;

The house (as if the ridge were fixed below,
 And ground-sills lifted up to make the roof)
 And now's turned topsy-turvy
 In such a retrograde, preposterous way
 As seldom hath been heard of, I think never.

* * * * *

All in such rare disorder, that in some
 As it breeds pity, and others wonder,
 So in the most part laughter. It is thought
 This comes by witchcraft.'

HEYWOOD.

It is noteworthy that whether pity, wonder, or laughter, were bred toward the household, sympathy, at least of the more intelligent neighbours, seems to have been for the accused. In this case——

‘Twas not all one
 To be a witch, and to be accounted one.’

The author of the discourse complains several times, somewhat bitterly, that the vicar of Fuystone (Mr. Smithson), Mr. Henry Graver, and Mr. James Robinson of Swinsty Hall, favoured the women rather than himself.

One neighbouring justice of the peace, however, appears to have been prevailed upon to make an examination into the charges against them. One of them (Margaret Thorp) was summoned to meet Helen Fairfax in his presence at Fuystone Church. After some preliminary inquiries the woman was subjected to the following test :

‘The same justice of the peace, also in the church at Fuystone, told me in private that he would try if Thorp’s wife were a witch, by causing her to say the Lord’s Prayer: for if she were a witch, he said that in the repetition of that prayer she could not

say the words "forgive us our trespasses." I was silent and observed the trial. The woman being put to it, could not say those words by any means. At first she repeated the prayer and wholly omitted them, and then being admonished thereof, and urged to the point, she stood amazed, and finally could not at all utter them, of which many people were witnesses to their admiration.'

If such tests were only applied to the women, their apparitions received occasionally somewhat rougher usage, as the following relations will show :

'On the 3rd of May Janet Dibb appeared unto Helen, and showed her an old silver spoon. She fell into the usual trance, but at last looked up and said to the woman : "That is ours ; that is our spoon." And it appeared upon search that such an one was missing out of the locked desk.

'Helen still talked to the woman, and said : "This is our spoon ; thou shalt not carry it away ; I will take it from thee." Her uncle and the rest present saw nothing this while. At last she arose and went to the place where she saw the woman stand, and there the company saw her fight and strive with something. At last she said to the woman : "Wilt thou go away with it ? thou shalt not carry it away." The servant shut the door and set her back against it. Helen still contended with the woman for the spoon, and her hand went apace, yet she did not touch either table or wall, but something which the company saw not. At last she drove the woman into a corner, and there got her down, and after some struggling she held the woman's hand with her left hand, and with the right she

took the spoon from her, rose up, shook it at her, and said: "How sayest thou now, Dibb's wife? I told thee I would take it from thee." Then all that were present saw the spoon in her hand to their great amazement.'

The servant left the door to look at the recovered spoon, and the woman 'opened the door and ran away.'

Again, on Sunday, March 11, 'the strange woman' appeared to the children in the kitchen, and threatened to kill the elder. But the girl got

'A rod, and, starting up, beat the woman until she kneeled down and prayed her to forgive her. Then I took the rod and struck at the place where the children said the woman was, but they perceived it not, yet they saw the woman much troubled, and asked her "what she ailed." For she wept bitterly, that the tears ran down, and stirred from place to place to avoid the blows; and lastly, told the children that I did strike at her, and she was afraid to be beaten. . . . In this extremity her spirit at the instant came to help her, being then in likeness of a bird; it took her away, and both of them ran out of the door together.'

These incidents are but specimens of such as happened, and are recorded, almost every day.

At the spring assizes at York (1622), six of the unfortunate women were charged with witchcraft. Fairfax, his elder daughter, and Maud Jeffray were there, and appeared against them. The younger daughter, Elizabeth, remained at home at Newhall.

The women fortunately were acquitted, though no

remark or information on the subject is given—except indirectly—in the narrative. How, or on what grounds, they escaped, therefore, on this occasion there is no record.

On Thursday, April 4, two of them (Jennet Dibb and Margaret Thorp) returned to their homes. On the following morning these women, with their spirits, the cat and the bird, appeared to the younger child at Newhall, and also on the following morning (Saturday), and told her that her father and sister were then at Tadcaster, on their way home, but ‘should hardly get home that night, for that they would go and meet them upon the moor.’ The apparition of one of these women also appeared on the Friday night to the two girls at Tadcaster, and in like manner warned them also ‘that she would meet them again upon the moor.’

The story of the journey home on this eventful Saturday is so inimitably told by the narrator, that it must be given in his own words :

‘Item, on Saturday, the 6th of April, we departed from Tadcaster, and rode without any interruption till we came to Collingham or Clifford Moor, as some call it. There, the place being very fair, we alighted to walk on foot ; myself and my daughter walked alone, and Richard England, my servant, led after us the horses upon which we rode ; the rest of the company were before us about twelve score (yards). Jeffray’s daughter said suddenly to those that were with her, that she saw the two women pass by them, and then “the strange woman” went along the top of a bank, which is cast up there for a great space to-

gether (the remains, as I take it, of the entrenchment of the rebels, 12th of Elizabeth), and she looked after them, and told them that they went towards Helen Fairfax, and stood round about her, and declared on which side of her each of them severally stood. At that instant I took my horse, not knowing anything of this matter, and my man offered to set my daughter up behind me, but she could not speak to him. I perceived that she was in trance and alighted again, and sat down with her upon the bank aforesaid, where she began to talk to Thorpe's wife and to the strange woman.

‘ Maud Jeffray also fell into the same condition. In which state we took them up, and carried them to the town of Collingham, where they came to themselves, and we rode on our journey very well till we came to the gate entering upon Harwood Moor, at which gate (as my daughter told me) Dibb's wife stood. All the company present passed the gate, and left the woman standing there, who stood in that place until Francis Pullein (a neighbour accompanying them) and Richard England came to the gate. . . . At their coming the women came with them from the place, and in their company all the three women overtook us. The two girls saw all they did, and laughed thereat, and reported it unto us, not being in any trance until they came all unto us; then they fell in trance, in which the women told them that Francis Pullein should go home on foot. Thereupon the women, sometimes one and sometimes another, were seen by the children to ride upon his horse behind him, which they talked of to the women, and by those words we understood

what passed. The horse was suddenly so troubled, and unable to go forward, that the man was forced to alight; but then his case was worse, for two of the witches at once rode upon him (the horse), so that he could neither lead nor drive him but with much difficulty. Often he struck in the saddle, and where the wenches said the witches sat, at which time the women avoided the blows, and leaped from the horse, who, as long as he was discharged of them, went on; but he found not much of that ease. Thus with much trouble we came to Harwood, to the house of Mr. Jackson, where they were presently well. . . . From Harwood we departed, and rode on till we came again upon the moors above Stainburn, where they fell in trance again, and talked to the same women as before, and Francis Pullein's horse was used in the same manner again; so with much ado, we got home to my house about the setting of the sun.

‘This accident concerning Pullein's horse is such as the greatest adversaries, I think, cannot say that he could be instructed to play his part so well in the imposture; for of this I am sure, he was very like to have died for many weeks after, but at last he recovered in some measure. Ridiculous are they that think the horse could combine in the practice, and wicked if they question the truth of this particular, which so many oaths hath confirmed.’

Things resumed their usual course in the household. In a few days, certain eggs, pence, a shilling, and ‘two sugar cakes,’ mysteriously disappeared from locked desks, and the spirit of one of the women—perhaps to indemnify her against her expenses—was believed to

have taken them. A remark, however, is made, which probably most readers will endorse :

‘These cakes, the two pence, and Jeffray’s shilling were indeed gone, and never seen more. The circumstances seem to prove that the woman herself, not her spirit, did these things. For I doubt how the rich usurers could keep their money in safety, if the devil had any such power to take it out of their chests.’

Whether the witches were anxious to celebrate their victory at York with all *éclat*, or otherwise, ‘the deponent sayeth not,’ but we find this record in the diary :

‘Item, on Thursday, the 10th of April, the children were both of them made blind by the black cat, and so continued till Friday at nine o’clock ; then their sight was restored. They were told that all the witches had a *feast* at Timble Gill.’

‘Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.’

Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 2.

‘Their meat was wasted about midnight. At the upper end of the table sat their master, viz., the devil ; at the lower end Dibbs, who provided for the feast and was the cook ; and therefore she could not come to the children that day. It was true that the children that day saw her not.’

At this time, one or other of the apparitions, sometimes several of them, appeared to the victims almost daily, and even more than once a day. The conversations and incidents of each occasion are minutely recorded, and the perusal of them, while sometimes

provoking a smile, is, frequently, not without painful feelings of pity, or regret at the credulity, or the wicked deceit, they reveal.

The girls seem to have imagined, or believed, themselves to be more and more under the power of their supernatural tormentors. On two occasions, it is stated of the elder, that she was bodily borne away, against her will and her struggles, to some considerable distance, by them.

‘On Thursday, the 2nd of May, my daughter Helen was taken away (as she after reported) by Dibb’s wife and Thorp’s wife, who took her out of the entry, carried her to the river, and put her into it . . . but she got from them, and returning towards the house, in the way she fell in a deadly trance, in which I found her, and did marvel to see her clothes wet ; so I caused her to be brought into the house, and she came to herself, and told us as aforesaid.’

And again :

‘On Thursday, the 30th of May, being Ascension Day, Helen Fairfax was suddenly taken away by Thorp’s wife and the black cat, and carried out at the back door . . . over the water above Rowton Bridge, and over Ralph Holmes’s ground, and then over the moor and so through the fields again, and crossed Braime Lane above Carver’s house ; then over the great hill there, and so crossed the fields on the north side of Slayter’s house, and so the high moor, on that side upon a hill. There she saw many women together, amongst whom was Dibb’s wife and the strange woman, who had a great fire there.’

She was found here, and led to a neighbouring house (Jeffray's). 'And,' continues the narrative :

'One came with all speed running to advertise me at my house of the accident, and found me with others in much care, seeking the woods and waters for her, lest she some way perished, and sorrowing for her loss. This news comforted us. I took some with me. . . . Then I brought her home, and by the way she showed me the way she had passed, which was over hedges, and difficult places, for the space of more than a mile. The time also was so short betwixt her taking out of the house and her being found on the moors, that it was not possible she could go thither in so short space.'

There is one more story, the story of a hare, which shall not be withheld from the reader, though probably he has already had enough of such ; partly because Fairfax places considerable importance upon it, as an evidence of supernatural intervention, and partly because it shows how the evidence, deemed by him unanswerable, could be easily explained :

'On Thursday, the 4th of April, my eldest son, William Fairfax, being in the field called Birkbanks, started a hare out of a bush and set a dog at her. Mr. Smithson, vicar of Fuystone, saw her also, and in like sort caused his dog to run at her, but they quickly lost the sight of her. That day, soon after, the child (Elizabeth, the younger daughter, the other being at this time with her father at York) was in trance, and the strange woman did appear to her, and told her that she was that hare which her brother and the vicar set their dogs at, and that she came over the water with

her brother William, and that he should see *her again the next time that he went to that place*, which proved true.

‘From the woman’s report that she was that hare, the detractors and slanderous scoffers of this infant may be confounded, if they consider that the child foretold out of the woman’s mouth that her brother should see the hare again, which he did indeed, in the same place, upon Tuesday, the 9th of April next following; which foretelling could be no imposture of the child, for her teachers, if they can suppose any such, could not themselves preface it so many days before. I cannot with silence pass over her saying, that being in that, or the like shape, she was senseless, for [as to] the transforming of shapes in this kind, the question deserveth to be written of in a whole volume; but it is far above my learning to resolve it; and books from which I might borrow any help are (in this wilderness) as rare as civility is, or learning itself.’

At the summer assizes in the same year, the accused women were a second time placed on trial, and Fairfax, with both his bewitched daughters, together with John Jeffray and his daughter, again attended to give evidence against them. The grand jury found a true bill, but, upon the trial in court, deception of some kind was suspected on the part of Jeffray and his daughter; the latter, on being examined in a private room, is said to have confessed to an imposture, though it is added, if so, it was under undue threatening and pressure. The result was, that Jeffray was detained in custody, and the women again acquitted. This man, it would appear, was also released shortly, as if nothing could be proved against him.

At the failure of these prosecutions, Fairfax was evidently very much disappointed and annoyed. He says :

‘ I am not aggrieved that they escaped death, which deservedly they might perchance have suffered ; for the lives of so many ought to be very precious in the eyes of Christian charity. Notwithstanding, the proceedings which made the way easy for them to escape, I fear, were not fair. Either the hardness of hearts to believe, which made some of the best sort incredulous, or the openness of hands to give in some of the meaner, which waylaid justice, untying the fetters from their heels, and unloosing the halters from their necks, which so wise juries thought they had so well deserved. . . . Upon myself was put an aspersion, not of dishonesty, but of simplicity ; for it was given out that Jeffray and his family devised the practice, to which they drew my eldest daughter, and she the younger ; and that I (like a good innocent) believed all which I heard or saw to be true, and not feigned. . . . I thank them that they wrong not my integrity ; and for putting the fool upon me I could answer them, as Gregory did Mauritius the Emperor for calling him fool, and pray them to consider, that though they be so wise to think the children might deceive them, having seen them but once or twice in trance, and therefore could not collect much, yet all we who conversed with them, day and night, for the space of ten months, and observed all before written, and much more omitted,—it is impossible, I say, that all we, by children of their small capacity, be so long besotted that we could discover nothing to be feigned or counterfeited in so many occurrences.’

The return of the family home on August 12 was fol-

lowed by no cessation of the appearances of the apparitions—now of the women themselves, now of Inges the spotted cat, now of Gibbe the black one, now of Tewhit the yellow bird, or now of various ‘deformed things,’ their spirits or familiars—for two or three months.

There is an amusing account of the funeral of the husband of one of the women, and of her ‘familiar,’ the bird, being seen following it through the churchyard, and then perching upon the porch of the church until the procession issued from the edifice, and then again joining it, and proceeding with it to the grave; but the incidents, upon the whole, were of much the same character as those of which the reader has already had a sufficient number of specimens. Helen, the elder daughter, was rendered deaf soon after the return, and remained so for some weeks. On November 19 there is this record with regard to her :

‘At this time my daughter Helen was perfectly well, but her memory was gone concerning the witches, and when her sister fell in trances she marvelled at it, and demanded what she ailed, and asked what disease she had. We told her that she was bewitched, and that she herself had been so, and questioned her of the black cat and other spirits, at which she laughed, and said: “Jesus bless me! What tell you me of spirits and witches? I never saw a spirit.”’

After Christmas, 1622, the appearances to, and trances of, the younger girl became less frequent, and when the narrative ends, April 11, 1622, the visitations were evidently gradually being withdrawn from her also.

In forming an opinion with regard to the incidents

and events of this history, it must be borne in mind that they reflect the general feeling, mode of thinking, and manners of the day in which they are said to have happened. As to the origin of the hallucinations (if such they were), in the persons afflicted, medical science could probably furnish much, in the way of explanation, which might save the young persons from a charge of deliberate imposture.

There can be no doubt the writer of 'the discourse' was imposed upon, and that he conscientiously believed what he recorded. Before condemning his credulity, it may be well to remember, what Hartley Coleridge well says of him in his 'Northern Worthies'—viz., 'That in his belief in demonology, Fairfax coincided with the spirit of his age, and bowed to the wisdom of his ancestors. To have doubted of the existence of witches would have exposed him to the imputation of atheism; and, as certain diseases were attributed to diabolical agency, an anxious parent might be excused for mistaking the symptoms in his own offspring.'

WITCHCRAFT AT ROSSINGTON IN 1604 A.D.

Joan Jurdie, wife of Leonard Jurdie, of Rossington, near Doncaster, was accused of being a witch; and in the spring of 1605 A.D. the depositions of several of her neighbours were taken before Hugh Childers, Mayor of Doncaster for that year, and other justices of the peace.

From these we gather what her evil deeds, and her good deeds, were supposed to have been.

It seems that Joan was 'bidden to the labour of one

Peter Mirfin's wife;' but the said Joan was guilty of the unpardonable slight, or neglect, of not attending until four or five days after the important event was over; and when she did make her call, she declined to eat of the duly-provided 'labour-cake,' or to drink the accustomed potation set out on such occasions, giving as a reason for this untoward conduct, that Peter Mirfin would never drink at her house.

Suspicion was aroused that she meant no good; and when the invalid ceased, from that time, to continue the favourable progress she had previously made towards convalescence, the suspicion became a certainty.

Extraneous confirmation was sought for. One neighbour could testify that the uncanny Joan had been heard to say, that the said Peter Mirfin had better have come and partaken of her hospitality. To others she had replied, when told of the less favourable condition of the invalid, that 'she would be worse before she was better.'

Then the sick woman herself — Jennet Mirfin — declared that she was 'witch-ridden'; and when another neighbour came to the house, and inquired how she was, she replied, 'Never worse; weak—very weak. Woe worth her!—she hath kill'd me. I mone never recover.' On being asked to whom she alluded, she exclaimed, 'I did well till Joan Jurdie came.'

Two days afterwards the woman died. According to the testimony of her husband, 'Within tow dayes after Joan Jurdie had been with her, lyeinge in child bed, she dyed, herselfe growinge sycke imediatelie after her milke turned into bloude.'

The whole village was now in arms against Joan.

One could tell that she had been heard to say, that she would be even with William Dolfin, and William Wainwright, for what they had said against her.

Whereupon Katherine, the wife of the said William Dolfin, bore testimony that, so long as six years before, she had sought the help of Joan for her sick child, and that she knew a woman who had also sought like help for a sick calf; and that, although Joan told them that neither the child nor the calf was bewitched, yet the said Katherine was 'induced to suspect that the said Jurdie's wife is a witch, because she doth take upon her to helpe such thinges.'

Moreover, within fourteen days of the declaration of Joan that she would be even with Willie Dolfin, 'they had an oxen fell sycke, and within thre weekes after that a steare fell sycke, and about seaven dayes last past one cowe fell sycke; but the oxen is recovered, and the cowe; and that there were not any of the neighbors who had had any cattell sycke.'

What like evil befell Willie Wainwright or his wife, their children, or their cattle, is not upon record; but poor Joan Jurdie had to appear a second time before Hugh Childers, and other justices, at Doncaster to answer for her further deeds of darkness.

She, however, deposed on oath before these dignitaries of the law, 'That she hath not any skill to helpe sicke folke, or sycke cattall, neither hath ever taken upon her to meddle with any such matter. She denyeth that she ever said to Dolfin's wife, that she would be even with her and her husband; and she also denyeth that she ever said, of Peter Mirfin's wife, when she was sicke, that she would be worse before she was better.'

With this denial the matter probably ended, and Joan was allowed to escape the dire legal penalty of witchcraft, though, doubtless, she would be always given a wide berth by the villagers of Rossington.

WITCHCRAFT AT BOLLING, NEAR BRADFORD.

In March, 1650, Mrs. Dorothy Rhodes, a widow, of Bolling, accused, before Mr. Henry Tempest, a justice of the peace there, one Mary Sykes of bewitching her daughter, Sarah Rhodes.

On this occasion Mrs. Rhodes stated that one night she was lying in bed with her daughter, Sarah, when the latter, who had been asleep, suddenly exclaimed that the woman Sykes had been on the bed, and had attempted to choke her. The woman, she said, first entered through a hole at the foot of the bed, and, after seizing her by the throat, thrust her fingers into her mouth. The mother, naturally surprised, asked her why she did not cry out when her assailant was present ; but this she said she was unable to do from the fact of the woman having touched her left side and left her speechless. She also informed her mother that she had met Mrs. Sykes on a previous occasion. As she was going home, she said, Mrs. Sykes took hold of her apron, and gathering it by the bottom into her hands, tugged at it so hard that she pulled some of the gatherings out. The girl was in great fear, and ‘winked.’ On opening her eyes again she said ‘Mary.’ But Mary made no answer. And then Susan Beaumont came up, but whether she dropped from the clouds, or walked up on her feet during the interval of her closing and opening her eyes, the deponent sayeth not. She likewise

informed her parent that the likeness of a woman named Kellett had appeared to her. At this the astonished mother exclaimed, that Mrs. Kellett had been dead these two years, to which Sarah made answer: 'A, mother, but she never rests, for she appeared to me the foulest fiend that I ever saw, with a pair of eyes like saucers.' She further averred that this same Kellett had given her 'a box on the ear, which made the fire to flash out of her eyes.' After this recital of her ill-usage, Sarah lost the use of her joints as well as her tongue, and her 'whole body was brought near unto death.'

The evidence given in this case against Mrs. Sykes by Henry Cordingley, of Tonge, is amusing. Going one night with a candle and lanthorn to fother his horses, he saw Mrs. Sykes riding upon the back of one of his cows. And he, endeavouring to strike at her, stumbled, whereupon Mrs. Sykes flew out of a window. This witness was certain that she had bewitched his stock. One black horse, worth £4 16s., took ill with a 'dithering and quakeing,' and died in the course of five or six days. Another black mare of his had been similarly affected, but she recovered as soon as Mrs. Sykes was searched.

This latter was carried out by Isabella Pollard, of Bierley, widow, and five other women, by virtue of a warrant from Mr. Tempest. On examining the body of Mrs. Sykes, this jury of matrons 'found upon the side of her seat a red lump about the bigness of a nut, being wet, and that, when they wrung it with their fingers, moisture came out of it like lee. And they found upon her left side, near her arm, a little lump

like a wart, and being pulled out it stretched about half an inch. And they further say that they never saw the like upon any other woman.'

On this conclusive testimony of her guilt, Mrs. Sykes was committed to stand her trial at the assizes, but it is satisfactory to learn that it resulted in her acquittal.

A WISE-WOMAN REPUTED A WITCH AT GARGRAVE.

Anne Greene gained a livelihood at Gargrave by the exercise of spells and charms among her credulous neighbours. She was at last charged at York Assizes with witchcraft.

It was stated against her that John Tatterson, being pained in his ear, went to consult her. She recommended him to put black wool into it, but he was not satisfied with this simple treatment, 'whereupon she loosed the garter from her leg, and crossed his left ear three times therewith, and got some hair out of his neck, without his consent. And he asking her what she would do therewith, she told him what matter was that to him, she would use it at her pleasure; that he was to go home and care not. But going home, he was more pained than before, and returning to her he told her to look to it, or he would look to her.' This threat seems to have had some effect upon the old dame, for she thereupon 'crossed his ear three times again, and promised he should mend. And, accordingly, he did, some corruptible matter running out of his ear as it did mend.'

But the country people around Gargrave seem to have thought, that the woman, who could work such miraculous cures, could also use her supernatural gifts

for evil; and, accordingly, when Margaret Wade's daughter Elizabeth fell sick, the wise-woman was justly suspected of having a hand in it. Therefore, when on one occasion the mother went to look at the child in bed, she was not surprised to see there, 'a great bitch with a dish in her mouth, having two feet.' And afterwards 'three dogs came and scraped about the bed, and Anne Greene was one of them.' Mrs. Greene herself, it is almost needless to add, denied all acquaintance with the black art, although she acknowledged, that 'she sometimes useth a charm for curing the heartache, and used it twice in one night unto John Tatterson, by crossing a garter over his ear, and saying these words, "Boate, a God's name," nine times over. Likewise for pains in the head she requires their water and a lock of their hair, the which she boils together, and afterwards throws them in the fire and burns them; but meddles not with any other disease.'

It is not clear how the case terminated, but, for the sake of poor suffering humanity, or at least those with heart affections, it is to be hoped that she was acquitted, and permitted ever afterwards to pursue her career of usefulness in peace.

A CASE AT ROTHWELL.

A gentleman named Henry Hatefield, of Roydes, or Rhodes, in the parish of Rothwell, in January, 1654, accused Catherine Earle of that place, before a justice of the peace, of witchcraft. He stated that she struck him on the neck with 'a docken stalk,' or such-like thing, and his mare upon the neck also, whereupon she immediately fell sick and died, and he himself was

very sore troubled with a pain in his neck.' And the said Catherine 'clapped one Mr. Frank, late of Rhodes, between the shoulders with her hand, and said: "You are a pretty gentleman; will you kiss me?" Whereupon the said Mr. Frank fell sick before he got home, and never went out of door after, but died, and complained much, against the said Catherine, on his death-bed.'

In this case, also, the accused was searched by a jury of the village matrons, and two witch-marks were found upon her—a wart behind her ear, and another upon her thigh. On this testimony she was committed to the assizes, but with what result does not appear.

A CASE OF WITCHCRAFT AT WAKEFIELD.

In the year 1656 there lived at Wakefield one Richard Jackson, who was tenant of a farm called Bunny Hall. Jennet Benton and her son George pretended to have a right of way through this farm, which Daniel Craven, servant to Mr. Jackson, was deputed to resist and hinder. Accordingly one day Craven was endeavouring to carry out his master's behests, when Mrs. Benton's son assaulted him with a stone, 'cutting his overlip, and breaking two teeth out of his chaps.' An action was brought against Benton for trespass, but on his making submission, Mr. Jackson did not proceed with it. The Bentons, however, were said to have made use of some dark threats at the time, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Jackson had her hearing taken from her, one of her children began to take fits, and Jackson himself began to be racked with pains. He, too, had fits, which he thus describes in his depositions:

‘In the beginning of these fits, the first night, he heard a great noise of music and dancing about him. The next night, about twelve o’clock, he was taken with another fit, and, in the middle of it, he conceived there was a noise like ringing of small bells, with singing and dancing, and sometimes both nights a noise of deep groaning; upon which he called of his wife, and asked her if she heard it not, and so of his man, who answered they did not. He asked them again and again if they heard it not. At last he, his wife, and servant, all heard it give three heavy groans; at that instant dogs did howl and yell at the windows, as though they would have pulled them in pieces.’

The noises caused the swine to break through two barn doors, the doors in the house rattled and clashed, boxes and trunks got mysteriously displaced, and several apparitions, like black dogs and cats, moved to and fro in the house. Within the year Jackson lost eighteen horses and mares, which he accused the Bentons of bewitching. They were accordingly apprehended, and taken before Mr. John Warde, a magistrate, on June 7, 1656, but the depositions taken before him do not show how the case terminated.

A WITCH ‘BLOODED’ AT WARMFIELD.

It was a common belief, that if blood could be drawn from a witch, the victim would recover. Thus, in a charge against Margaret Morton, in 1650, for bewitching the infant child of one William Booth, of Warmfield, in the West Riding, the mother stated that she drew blood of the accused with a pin, whereupon the child immediately recovered. This poor woman was likewise tried at the assizes and acquitted.

As in Mrs. Sykes' case, of Bolling, she was examined by a jury of matrons, who 'found upon her two black spots.' One resembled a wart, and the other was 'black on both sides, an inch broad, and blue in the middle.'

WITCHCRAFT IN THE ASSIZE COURT AND CASTLE
AT YORK.

Sir John Resesby gives the particulars of a case which made some stir at the York Assizes in March, 1687.

'An old woman,' he writes, 'was condemned for a witch. Those who were more credulous, in points of this nature than myself, conceived the evidence to be very strong against her. The boy she was said to have bewitched fell down on a sudden before all the court when he saw her, and would then as suddenly return to himself again, and very distinctly relate the several injuries she had done him. But in all this it was observed the boy was free from any distortion, that he did not foam at the mouth, and that his fits did not leave him gradually, but all at once; so that, upon the whole, the judge thought it proper to reprieve her, in which he seemed to act the part of a wise man. But though such is my own private opinion, I cannot help continuing my story. One of my soldiers being upon guard, about eleven in the night, at the gate of Clifford Tower, the very night after the witch was arraigned, he heard a great noise at the Castle, and going to the porch he there saw a scroll of paper creep from under the door, which, as he imagined by the moonshine, turned first into the shape of a monkey, and thence assumed the

form of a turkey-cock, which passed to and fro by him. Surprised at this, he went to the prison and called the under-keeper, who came and saw the scroll dance up and down, and creep under the door, where there was scarce an opening of the thickness of half-a-crown. This extraordinary story I had from the mouth of both the one and the other, and now leave it to be believed or disbelieved, as the reader may be inclined, this way or that.'

HARES AND WITCHES.

Hares are held to have some mysterious relation to witches. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson relates a story, in 'Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties,' on this subject :

'In the neighbourhood of Eskdale there was a young plantation, among the young trees of which great havoc was committed by the hares. Many of these were shot; but there was one old hare which neither shot could hurt nor snare could hold, and night after night it defiantly returned to its depredations. At length a wise-man was consulted, and by his advice a silver coin was cut up into small pieces, and with this silver shot a gun was loaded. This effectually did its work, and the hare was killed. But at the same time, an old woman suspected of witchcraft, and who lived at some distance, was engaged in her occupation of carding wool. Suddenly she threw up her hands, and shrieking out, "They have shot my familiar spirit!" she fell down dead.'

'In another dale, higher up the Esk,' adds the same narrator, 'there was a hare which baffled all the grey-hounds that were slipped at her. They seemed to

have no more chance with her than if they coursed the wind. There was at the time a noted witch residing near, and her advice was asked about this wonderful hare. She seemed to have little to say about it, however, only she thought they had better let it be; but, above all, they must take care how they slipped a *black* dog at it. Nevertheless, either from recklessness or from defiance, the party did go out coursing soon after with a black dog. The dog was slipped, and they perceived at once that puss was at a disadvantage. She made as soon as possible for a stone wall, and endeavoured to escape through a sheep-hole at the bottom. Just as she reached this hole the dog threw himself upon her and caught her in the haunch, but was unable to hold her. She got through, and was seen no more. The sportsmen, either in bravado or from terror of the consequences, went straight to the house of the witch to inform her of what had happened. They found her in bed hurt, she said, by a fall; but the wound looked very much as if it had been produced by the teeth of a dog, and it was on a part of the woman corresponding to that by which the hare had been seized by the black hound before their eyes.'

Whether this wise-woman recovered from the effect of the accident, I do not know; but a Guisborough witch, who died within the memory of man, was lame for several years, in consequence, it was said, of a bite she received from a dog, while slipping through the key-hole of her own door in the shape of a hare.





VII.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS RELATING TO PLACES.

LEGENDS AS TO THE NAME 'HALIFAX.'

THREE legends or traditions exist, accounting for the name of this now important, and prosperous, manufacturing town among the hills of the West Riding. They all, however, centre in the tradition of the existence at the place, of a hermit, with his cell and chapel (dedicated to St. John), in Saxon times. St. John is still the dedication of the parish church.

The first story is given by Dr. Whitaker. Although he appears to give it seriously, as explaining the etymology of the name of the town, it does not appear, to sober readers, to be possible to treat it so.

'So great,' says he (Dr. Whitaker), 'was the supposed sanctity attached to the hermitage of St. John, in this then remote valley, that great concourses of people were attracted from every direction. To accommodate them it was necessary to form four great roads from the four points of the compass, and these converging in the valley, gave the name to the spot. This name is half Saxon and half Norman, and signifies "the holy

ways"—“*fax*,” in Norman-French, being an old plural noun denoting “highways.”

Another tradition is, that within the hermitage, or hermitage chapel of St. John, there was preserved, as a most sacred relic, the face of that saint. This gave peculiar sanctity to the spot, as a place of pilgrimage, and so attracted the multitudes spoken of in the previous legend. The name of the place, according to this explanation, did not come from ‘*fax*’ (highways), but from the ‘*fac*’ or face, so highly venerated, and means ‘*holy fac*,’ or ‘*holy face*.’

The third story is the most romantic and, probably, the most legendary of the three. A monk of Whitby, dissatisfied with the rule of his house, and wishing to practise greater austerities, and self-mortification, than he could there, wandered away into the bleak hills, on the Yorkshire and Lancashire border, in search of some wild and solitary spot, where he could scoop out for himself a hermit’s cell, and spend his days in mortifications of the flesh, far away from the temptations of the world. Such a spot he at length found where Halifax now stands. Here he prepared his humble dwelling, and built, of rude stones and timber, his small oratory or chapel, which he dedicated to St. John. For several years he lived here his simple hermit’s life. The fame of his sanctity spread abroad, and, from the sparse population around, many resorted to his chapel for worship and for confession. Among the rest came the members of a small community of holy women, who had established their house in the vicinity.

The one thing to which, above all others, the holy hermit had an antipathy—the one thing he seemed to

fear and shrink from—was fair, and fair-haired, women. But none such seemed likely ever to be found among the sisterhood, or in that remote valley ; and the years passed on without any disturbance, from this cause, to the even tenor of his way.

But one day the mother superior of the community brought with her a novice—but lately entered the house—who in every way corresponded with the object of the hermit's dread. He was seriously perturbed, but retired for self-humiliation and prayer.

Next time the fair young novice came alone. As she knelt before him a fearful suspicion flashed across his mind. The fair penitent was none other than the devil himself, who had taken this fair form to allure him to mortal sin. Suddenly he became as a madman ; and, in his furious rage of indignation, he dealt the object before him a blow, which struck her senseless to the ground. But this was not enough to appease his righteous horror. He shouted, 'Satan, thou hast found thy match ; thy fair head shall be made a warning for others.' He thereupon took a knife and severed the head of his victim, and fixed it—a warning to all—in a yew-tree, where the stem separates into its numerous branches ; and then he rushed away to the neighbouring mountain, and threw himself, or fell, from a precipice, at the foot of which his dead body was found.

The headless corpse of the young novice was discovered, in due course, by her friends, in the chapel of the hermitage, but it was some days before the head was found in the yew-tree. When so found, it could not be removed. The fair long hair had become fibres, which had struck down through the bark, and thus

held it firmly rooted to the tree. This was a miracle indeed, and no profane hand henceforth ever attempted to remove so holy a relic!

Camden says: 'The head was hung on a yew-tree, where it was reputed holy by the vulgar, till quite rotten, and was visited in pilgrimage by them, everyone plucking off a branch of the tree as a holy relique. By this means the tree became at last a mere trunk, but retained its reputation of sanctity among the people, who believed that those little veins, which are spread out like hair in the rind, between the bark and the body of the tree, were indeed the very hair of the virgin. . . . Thus the little village, which,' he says, 'was previously called Horton, or sometimes "the Chapel in the Grove," grew up to a large town, assuming the new name of Halig-fax, or Halifax, which signifies "holy hair"; for "fax" is used by the English to signify hair, and the noble family of Fairfax in these parts are so named from their fair hair.'

ORIGIN OF THE ARMS OF BRADFORD.

The armorial bearings of the town of Bradford are, in heraldic language, 'Gules, a chevron or, between three bugle horns strung sable. Crest, a boar's head with tongue erased.'

The origin of these bearings tradition, or legend, explains thus: Cliffe Wood, near the town, was, in the days of John of Gaunt, the home of an immense wild boar. This brute was so destructive, and so great a terror to the inhabitants, that they ultimately petitioned the king to offer a reward for its destruction.

A well in the wood was, and is still, known as the Boar's Well. Hither it resorted to quench its thirst. A valiant youth of the neighbourhood, watching his opportunity when it was drinking, thrust it through with a hunting-spear. He at once cut out its tongue, and started with it in his possession, as an evidence of his triumph, to the royal court to claim the reward. Meanwhile, another man came to the well; and, finding the boar lying dead, he cut off the head, and also repaired with his trophy to the king, thinking to claim the royal reward. As chance would have it, he arrived before the true hero. While, however, the award was in suspense, the latter also arrived. An investigation took place. The head was examined; and, being found minus the tongue, the claim of the bearer of it was disallowed, and the royal bounty bestowed upon the rightful claimant. The reward consisted of certain lands in the vicinity, to be held upon the condition, that the holder, and his heirs, should give one blast upon a hunting-horn on St. Martin's Day; and whenever John of Gaunt should be passing through Bradford, in attendance on his liege lord, into Lancashire, the man, or his heirs, should attend upon him with a hunting-spear and a dog.

HORNSEA MERE AND THE RIGHTS OF FISHING.

Hornsea is a small town on the coast. Inland from the town is a picturesque mere, or lake, known as Hornsea Mere.

In olden times the right of fishing in this lake was claimed by both the monks of St. Mary's Abbey York, and those of Meaux in Holderness. It was agreed to

settle the dispute by wager of battle, a champion representing each abbey. These ecclesiastical disputants, by their representatives, thus fought a long summer's day, when, at last, the fortune of war declared in favour of the champion of St. Mary's, who ever afterwards exercised the right, without let or hindrance, from the abbot and brethren of Meaux.

LEGENDS OF STAN-RISE.

There are two kindred legends, appertaining to the neighbourhood of Lake Semerwater, in Wensleydale, and relating to presumptuous foolhardiness.

In one of the narrow valleys here, there is a large cairn, or mound, or barrow, about one hundred yards in circumference, and called 'Stone-raise,' 'Stan-raise,' or 'Stan-rise.'

One legend states that a giant was once crossing the country here, with a huge chest of gold in his possession. Strong as he was, it required all his resolution to persevere in conveying it, as he did, upon his back, across these mountains and rugged dales. At last he came to where the mountain of Addleborough barred his way. He looked up, and, surveying it, swore that, in spite of God or man, he would bear his precious burden over its summit. No sooner had he spoken than the chest fell from his shoulders, and Stanrise sprung up and covered it. There the treasure remains. It will only be recovered, when some fortunate individual is able to secure the assistance of a hen, and an ape, to uncover it and draw it forth.

The other legend relates, that formerly a road ran

past this place, from Bolton Castle over Greenborough Edge, to Skipton Castle in Craven. Along this road, a party of horsemen was passing from the one stronghold to the other, and, being met by wild and tempestuous weather, and becoming wearied, they dismounted, and rested themselves under the shadow of Stanraise. While thus resting, they swore that they would

‘From Bolton to Skipton Castle go,
Whether God would or no.’

As a mark of the Divine displeasure at this profanity, the earth at the foot of the cairn opened, and swallowed up the whole party.

It may be added that the cairn, or barrow, is said to have been opened some time ago, and, containing a stone kist, or coffin, proved to be a veritable barrow, or ancient burial-mound.

RICHMOND.

AN ARTHURIAN LEGEND IN YORKSHIRE.

‘Then hastened back to tell the King,
But he was gone from under the tree ;
‘But to what place he could not tell,
For never after he did him spy ;
But he saw a barge go from the land
And he heard ladies howl and cry.
‘And whether the king were there or not
He never knew, nor ever colde ;
For from that sad and direful day,
He never more was seen on mould.’

Old Ballad.

Since the day that the good sword Excalibur disappeared in the mystic hand in the mystic lake, and the wounded Arthur was borne in the dark boat across

its waters, leaving to his faithful follower only the words :

‘ I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls nor hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow’d, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows, crown’d with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound ’

—since that day, legend and tradition have pointed to almost innumerable spots as the resting-place of the good king, and of his famed knights of the round table.

At least two, probably more, such places are found in Yorkshire.

One is Freeling, or Freeborough Hill, in the parish of Skelton, in Cleveland. This is a detached, conical, mound-like hill, and beneath it the remains of the immortal Arthur are said to rest.

John Hall Stevenson, the friend of Lawrence Sterne, and the eccentric poet, and owner of Skelton Castle, speaks of the place in ‘Cleveland,—a Prospect,’ as

‘ Freeborough’s huge hill, immortal Arthur’s tomb.’

RICHMOND CASTLE.

The other place assigned as the resting-place of the king and his knights, is Richmond Castle. In a crypt under the ‘roots’ of the great tower of this massive fortress, they lie spell-bound in their mysterious sleep. On a stone table near them are placed a mysterious sword (Excalibur ?), and a hunting-horn.

Once upon a time, a man—with the prosaic name of Potter Thompson—was led by a supernatural guide, whom no one has seen before or since, into the depths of this fabulous cell. The sword and the horn were placed, by the guide, in his hands, and he was told to draw the one, and sound the other. He proceeded to withdraw Excalibur from the sheath; but, as he did so, the dead begun to rustle their armour, and to move, half awakened from their long sleep. This so terrified the man, that he allowed the sword to slip back into its place. Immediately a strong wind rushed through the vault, and swept him out of the place; but, as he was being driven before it, a bitter cry resounded in his ears :

‘ If thou hadst either drawn
The sword or wound that horn,
Thou hadst been the luckiest man
That ever was born.’

Thus the sleepers were allowed to fall back into their long sleep, and the day, dreamed of by the Laureate, when

‘ There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port ; and all the people cried,
“ Arthur is come again : he cannot die.”
Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated, “ Come again, and thrice as fair ;”
And, further inland, voices echoed, “ Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more,”

was, by Potter Thompson’s fear and flight, indefinitely delayed ; until a bolder man shall pierce again the gloomy vault, and draw the sword and sound the horn, still laid up, and awaiting, beneath Richmond’s historic keep.

PUDSAY'S LEAP.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the owner of Bolton Hall, on the Ribble, on the Lancashire border, was a popular young squire, William Pudsay, a godson of the Virgin Queen.

Among his wide possessions in Craven were several lead-mines, one of which, said to have been in the township of Rimington, was found to yield also a considerable quantity of silver. Gold and silver mines are claimed—I believe to this day—as the property of the crown, or, at least, can only be worked under a grant, and payment of ‘a royalty,’ to the sovereign. This law reaches back to earlier than the days of Elizabeth. William Pudsay, however, disregarded any such prescriptive rights of his godmother-queen, and not only worked the silver-mine, to his own great advantage, but coined the precious metal into shillings, which were passed as part of the current coin of the realm: though they are said to have been marked with a scallop-shell, and known as ‘Pudsay shillings.’

‘Oh, then he made and thought no ill,
The Pudsay shillings his debts to pay ;
Still at the Mint by Bolton Mill,
The dross of his works is seen to-day.’

By a double delinquency young Pudsay had thus brought himself under the lash of the law. The penalty was death. He was discovered, and the officers of the law were upon his track.

In one of his wanderings, among the hills, and glens of his home, he had come across two local elves or

fairies, whose haunt was 'Aithera Hoile,' or Arthur's Hole, a cave in his ancestral woods.

'They gave him there a magical bit,
The strangest thing you ever could see,
And charged him aye to remember it,
If ever he chanced to be forced to flee.
For it would nourish a drooping horse
From evening red to morning gray,
And help him, by its magical force,
To gallop away for the livelong day.'

When the officers of the law were upon him, he remembered this magic gift. He saddled his best horse, 'Wanton Gray,' and placed the bit securely in its mouth. The great cliff or scar of Reinsber, a precipitous rock overhanging the Ribble, was near the hall, and over it was the only way open to him.

'Out of the gates himself he flung,
Rainsber Scaur before him lay ;
"Now for a leap ! or I shall be hung—
Now for a leap !" quoth brave Pudsay.
"If of death I must meet the shock,
Since it may no other be,
Better a leap from my own good rock,
Than from a ladder at York !" quoth he.
'Into his steed he drove the spur,
Fearfully he did snort and neigh ;
Yet, though at first he was hard to stir,
Over the Scaur sprang Wanton Gray.
'Ninety feet or more he fell,
Still he had cleared each bush and tree,
And dipped in the Ribble's raging swell,
And never came on to his bended knee.
'"Now, Christ me save," said the rider bold,
"Now, Christ me save," said brave Pudsay
"And if I live until I grow old,
I'll never do more than I've done to-day.'

‘Slowly he gained the other bank ;
A scalding tear rose to his ee,
As, with his garments dripping and dank,
A long adieu to his home bade he.”

He rode night and day until he came to London town. The queen had gone aboard one of her royal barges in the Thames on pleasure, or business, intent. Pudsay there at once sought her presence, and, upon his knees, he confessed his crimes, and most humbly craved the royal pardon.

‘Queen Bess she laughed, Queen Bess she smiled,
She thought on many a byegone day ;
And then she pardoned her own godchild,
Who on the deck before her lay.

‘She gave him then her hand to kiss ;
So while the tears stood in his ee,
His heart was brought from bane to bliss—
“But no more Pudsay shillings,” said she.’

Old Ballad.

A LEGEND OF STANMORE, NEAR BOWES.

‘And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere Cross on Stanmore meets Allan-a-Dale.’

The writer is indebted to Mrs. Macquoid’s charming book, ‘About Yorkshire,’ for the following strange story, illustrating the superstition, that a light, held by a dead hand, secures the bearer from observation or interruption.

Stanmore is a wild moorland district west of Bowes, and extending to the borders of Westmoreland. Across the wild waste runs the road from Bowes to Brough, and connecting North Yorkshire with Westmoreland. On a ridge, near the centre of this moorland tract, a fragment of Rere Cross, or Rey Cross (an old boundary

cross), yet stands, and near to it is Spital House, no doubt the site of an old hospital for wayfarers, and, in more modern times, an inn.

In 1797 A.D., this inn is said to have been kept by one George Alderson, who, with his wife, and their maid-of-all-work, Bella, managed the establishment.

The inn at that time consisted of a long, narrow building, standing with one end to the highroad. The lower story was used as stabling for the horses of the stage-coaches, which crossed this wild moor on their way from York to Carlisle. The upper story was reached by a flight of steps leading up from the road to a stout oaken door. The deeply-recessed windows were all barred with stout iron bars.

‘One cold October night,’ writes Mrs. Macquoid, ‘the red curtains were drawn across the windows, and a huge log-fire sputtered and crackled on the broad hearth, and lighted up the faces of George Alderson and his son, as they sat talking of their gains at the fair of Brough Hill; these gains, representing a large sum of money, being safely stowed away in a cupboard in the landlord’s bedroom.

‘Mrs. Alderson and Bella sat a little way off spinning by fire-light, for the last coach had gone by, and the house door was barred and bolted for the night. Outside, the wind and rain were having a battle: there came fierce gusts which made the old casements rattle, and stirred the red curtains, and then a torrent of rain swept smartly across the window, striking the glass so angrily that it seemed as if the small panes must shatter under its violence.

‘Into the midst of this fitful disturbance, only varied

by the men's voices beside the hearth, there came a knock at the door.

“Open t' door, lass,” said Alderson. “Ah wadna keep a dog out sik a neet as this.”

“Eh! best slacken t' chain, lass,” said the more cautious landlady.

‘The girl went to the door; but when she saw that the visitor was an old woman, she opened the door wide and bade her come in. There entered a bent figure, dressed in a long cloak and hood; this last was drawn over her face, and as she walked feebly to the arm-chair which Alderson pushed forward, the rain streamed from her clothing and made a pool on the oaken floor. She shivered violently, and refused to take off her cloak and have it dried. She also refused the offer of food or a bed. She said she was on her way to the north, and must start as soon as there was daylight. All she wanted was a rest beside the fire: she could get the sleep she needed in her arm-chair.

‘The innkeeper and his wife were well used to wayfarers, and they soon said “Good-night,” and went to bed; so did their son. Bella was left alone with the shivering old woman. The girl had kept silence, but now she put her wheel away in its corner, and began to talk. She only got surly answers, and, although the voice was low and subdued, the girl fancied that it did not sound like a woman's. Presently the wayfarer stretched out her feet to warm them, and Bella's quick eyes saw under the hem of the skirts that the stranger wore horseman's gaiters. The girl felt uneasy, and instead of going to bed, she resolved to stay up and watch.

“ Ah'm sleepy,” she said, gaping ; but the figure in the chair made no answer. Presently Bella lay down on a long settle, beyond the range of firelight, and watched the stranger, while she pretended to fall asleep. All at once the figure in the chair stirred, raised its head, and listened ; then it rose slowly to its feet, no longer bent, but tall and powerful-looking. It stood listening for some time. There was no sound but Bella's heavy breathing, and the wind and the rain beating on the windows. The woman took from the folds of her cloak a brown, withered, human hand ; next she produced a candle, lit it from the fire, and placed it in the hand. Bella's heart beat so fast that she could hardly keep up the regular deep breathing of pretended sleep ; but now she saw the stranger coming towards her with this ghastly chandelier, and she closed her lids tightly. She felt that the woman was bending over her, and that the light was passed slowly before her eyes, while these words were muttered in the strange masculine voice that had first roused her suspicions :

“ Let those who rest more deeply sleep ;
Let those awake their vigils keep.”

The light moved away, and through her eyelashes Bella saw that the woman's back was turned to her, and that she was placing the hand in the middle of the long oak table, while she muttered this rhyme :

“ Oh, Hand of Glory shed thy light,
Direct us to our spoil to-night.”

Then she moved a few steps away, and undrew the window-curtain. Coming back to the table, she said :

“ Flash out thy blaze, O skeleton hand,
And guide the feet of our trusty band.”

At once the light shot up a bright livid gleam, and the woman walked to the door; she took down the bar, drew back the bolts, unfastened the chain, and Bella felt a keen blast of cold night air rush in as the door was flung open. She kept her eyes closed, however, for the woman at that moment looked back at her, and drawing something from her gown, she blew a long, shrill whistle; she then went out at the door, and down a few of the steps, stopped, and whistled again; but the next moment a vigorous push sent her spinning down the steps into the road below, the door was closed, barred and bolted, and Bella almost flew to her master's bedroom, and tried to wake him. In vain. He and his wife slept on, while their snores sounded loudly through the house. . . . The girl felt frantic. . . .

'Then she tried to rouse young Alderson, but he slept as if in a trance. Now a fierce battery on the door, and cries below the windows, told that the band had arrived. A new thought came to Bella. She ran back to the kitchen. There was the Hand of Glory, still burning with a wonderful light. The girl caught up a cup of milk that stood on the table, dashed it on the flame, and extinguished it. In one moment, as it seemed to her, she heard footsteps coming from the bedrooms, and George Alderson and his son rushed into the room with firearms in their hands.

'As soon as the robbers heard his voice bidding them depart, they summoned the landlord to open his doors, and produce his valuables. Meanwhile, young Alderson had opened the window, and for answer he fired his blunderbuss down among the men below.

'There was a groan, a fall, then a pause, and, as it

seemed to the besieged, some sort of discussion. Then a voice called out : "Give up the Hand of Glory, and we will not harm you." For answer, young Alderson fired again, and the party drew off.

'Seemingly they had trusted entirely to the Hand of Glory, or else they feared a long resistance, for no further attack was made. The withered hand remained in possession of the Aldersons for sixteen years after.'

A TRADITION OF THE PRESS-GANG, NEAR WHITBY.

Many years have now passed away since the operations of the press-gang, so dreaded in Yorkshire in the earlier part of the present century, ceased. Still its doings are not forgotten. There are those yet living who can testify of its cruelties and its abuses, and traditional stories are handed down, of the evil purposes to which it was sometimes turned, by the evil-disposed, to avenge a supposed wrong, or get rid of an enemy.

It may be necessary to say that the press-gang was an institution, permitted by authority, by which the army and navy, in the long wars with the French, were supplied with recruits by violence. The gang was permitted to keep up the supply, by laying violent hands on whomsoever they could, and then forcing the victims on board vessels, or away from the district, where, in many cases, they were heard of no more.

The districts which suffered most, from these operations, were those contiguous to the sea. The hardy fishermen were already trained seamen, and their abduction was more easily accomplished than that of men from inland places.

The following traditional story of the press-gang's

work, at one point on our Yorkshire coast, is given by Mrs. Macquoid in 'About Yorkshire,' who says that it happened within the memory of people now living, and the truth of it was vouched for.

In one of the glens running up from the sea, between Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay, there lived a farmer, named Mossburn, and his wife and their two daughters. These two sisters, both pretty and virtuous maidens, were beloved by two brothers engaged in the Greenland fishery. They had 'fancied' one another before the last voyage, but the young men had not then ventured to speak, for the farmer was a well-to-do man, and not likely to give his daughters in marriage without being sure of their future. Now both brothers had returned from a successful voyage; they had shown great bravery, and had each been appointed to the command of a vessel by the shipowner in whose ships they had served. On the first evening after their arrival they went off joyfully to the farm in the gully (as these grassed clefts leading to the sea are called). On their way, a short distance from the town, they met a girl named Polly, and stopped to speak a few words to her.

'Ye'll turn wi' me, Bill,' she said to the youngest. 'Tis a weary while sin' Ah've seed you.'

Bill coloured up. His heart was full of his errand of love. In the old days, when he laughed and joked with Polly, he had never been seriously in earnest, and he had not then seen Hester Mossburn.

'Nay, Polly,' he said kindly, for the lad's heart was so brimming over with love that it just poured out of him. 'Ah cannot gau wi' you, Ah've another fish to fry.'

Polly was a tall, strongly-built lass, rough-haired, and freckle-skinned, like most Whitby girls. She fixed her pale-blue eyes keenly on the young sailor.

‘Ista thinking on Hester Mossburn?’ she said scornfully. ‘She’s noane for you, Bill.’

‘Wheesht, lass,’ said the brother, whose name was Peter; ‘Bill’s all right, and knows his way. He and Hester agree like bells. They want nowt but hanging, an’ mebbe we’ll fix t’matter t’neet.’

He gave a sly wink, and Polly wrenched her arm away from the grasp he had laid on it.

‘Curse her!’ she said passionately; ‘curse the pair on ‘em!’ and she fled away like the wind.

‘Curses come home to roost, mah lass,’ said Peter; but both the lads felt that this meeting had dashed their joy.

When they reached the gully, and begun to climb upwards to the farm—for they had come along beside the strand—the dogs set up such a notice of arrival, that both Hester and her sister Dorothy came to the door to see who the visitors might be. And in the joy of meeting, after such long absence, restraint was forgotten, words were said, and vows were exchanged—and kisses too—and the two couples walked into the house hand-in-hand, and made their confession to Dame Mossburn. Soon came in the farmer, and, when he heard how matters stood, he gave his consent heartily. Then Bill and Peter both began to press that a speedy day might be named for the double marriage. It was true that they should not go on another voyage till next season, but why should they not be made happy as soon as might be? The father

took their side, the girls made faint objection, and, before they parted, the tender whispers of their lovers, as they all sat in the firelight round the hearth, prevailed, and a day not far off was fixed for the wedding.

It was growing late, and the farmer, after sundry yawns, told the lovers that they would have a lonesome walk to Whitby. Then first Peter and Dorothy stole out to take a fond farewell outside the house. Dorothy lingered long, and her mother, after some bridling and shaking of her head, rose up to fetch her in, when suddenly the door was flung open, and Dorothy, pale as ashes, rushed into the kitchen, shrieking with terror.

‘T’ press-gang!’ she screamed, ‘they’ve gotten Peter fast; nobbut ye’re a man, Bill, ye’ll save t’ lad fra’ them.’

Her passionate cry, and their own indignation, robbed the farmer and Bill of their judgment. Both rushed out to rescue the sailor, but the farmer was seized and overpowered, while Bill was dragged off to take his place beside his brother in a boat lying in the creek.

In the silence that followed, the two young women crept out to see what had happened, but they only found their father, lying speechless with a broken head, and, when he came to his senses, he was utterly ignorant of the fate of their lovers.

Months went by; the country was rife with rumours of glorious victories, but to Hester and Dorothy these only meant a chance of death for their absent lads; for might they not have been in the very thick of one or other of these great sea-fights? So they grew sadder and paler, and at last both put on mourning clothes for their loved ones.

Polly heard of this, and she mocked openly. One day, at a fish auction on the Staithes, she boasted that if a lad broke faith with her she knew how to punish him.

‘Ye can ask Hester Mossburn,’ she said.

She was startled by the sudden silence that fell on the noisy group, just now full of laughter and coarse jokes.

Then the oldest fisherman, near whom she stood, gripped her arm.

‘Ista false, Polly?’ he said. ‘Ah, wud not hav thout sic a steecy heart lived amongst us.’ And he flung her from him with violence.

The man against whom the push sent her flung her away also, as if she were plague-stricken.

At this Polly gathered herself up with an angry scowl, and as she met the stony glances of the eyes all fixed on her—glances that to her guilty soul seemed to promise a speedy vengeance for her treason—she fled away, and from that day she never showed her face on the Staithes. But the story fled like wild-fire over the town and down into the gullies. Polly’s landlady turned her out of doors, and not a soul would give shelter, or employment, to the girl, who had betrayed Whitby sailors to their natural enemies.

At last shame and privation and exposure took away her reason, and crazy Polly, as she was called, wandered over the moor, telling wayfarers that she was waiting for her lad.

Hester and Dorothy waited on, rejecting all offers of marriage though four years had gone by, and not one word had reached them from their lovers. But

at last their constancy was rewarded. One day Bill and Peter stood before them safe and sound, though both had been severely wounded during their service on board a man-of-war; and it is to be presumed they married and lived happily ever after, as all true lovers should do.

SWINSTY HALL AND ITS TRADITIONS.

- “ Brother, dost thou remember
The ‘ Thackeray ’ homestead well,
Where, by its wood, the brooklet
Into the Washburn fell ?
- “ And farther down the river,
O’erlooked by sacred fane,
The New Hall famed in story,
By Swinsty’s moorland lane ;
- “ Where dwelt immortal Fairfax,
And tuned his British lyre,
Our chill, cold, north’rn song to warm
With Tasso’s southern fire ?
- “ And yet a little further—
So dark, and thick, and tall—
The woods of grand old Swinsty,
Descending from the Hall,
- “ To where the river gurgled,
Along its stony path,
To the dark, and slipp’ry ‘ hippins,’
By side of Rowton Wath ?”
- * * * *
- ‘ Ah, now the woods of Swinsty
Are swept away and gone ;
The Hall but stands to mourn them,
Majestic still, but lone.’

About seven miles from Otley, and the same from Harrogate, in the weird, remote, but beautiful valley of the Washburn, cold and gloomy, stands Swinsty Hall,

one of several Elizabethan houses, of the smaller gentry, still remaining in that vicinity.

Grainge, the historian of Knaresborough Forest, says of the place :

‘There stands the hall itself; the best, most substantial, and majestic of the old halls, which grace the valley of the Washburn; many-chimneyed, many-gabled, gray, and grand, amid a solitude of woods and fields—yet a pile of mystery—its builder’s name and history alike unknown to the people around it. There is no road, not even a paved trackway for pack-horses, leading to it from any quarter. There is no stone quarry at hand from which it has been hewn, and yet it has been piled up, stone by stone, at a great cost of time and labour.’

Tradition states that the stones, of which it is built, were brought from the opposite side of the valley of the Washburn, on the backs of pack-horses. We might almost be tempted to think, that it had been raised by the magical powers of some enchanter, as the place of concealment of some enchanted beauty. The popular mind, sorely puzzled to account for its existence, has handed down from generation to generation the following story as to its erection :

The builder of the hall was a man named Robinson, a weaver, residing at first in a lowly cottage where the hall now stands.

Whence he came no one knew, and whither he went, when he departed to seek a fortune in London, no one cared. But to London he went; and while there the black plague—let us suppose that of 1594 or 1604 A.D.—came upon that city, and swept away

a large portion of the inhabitants. Houses were left tenantless and desolate. Often no relative remained to bury the dead, or claim the money and valuables left behind. Our enterprising adventurer from Swinsty made good use of his opportunities, and from the bodies of the dead, and the houses deserted and desolate, he soon gathered together a large treasure of gold and silver. When he determined to depart with his spoils, he found that it required a large waggon, and a team of horses, to deport it down into Yorkshire.

In due course he arrived at his former abode ; but the story and the dread of the plague had preceded him. No dwelling was open to him ; no hand would come near to assist him with his treasures, or even to obtain food and lodgings. He was constrained to deposit his wealth in a barn, and himself to take up his abode there also. This barn, at some little distance from the hall, yet exists. He next, to remove all fear of contagion, proceeded to wash all his gold and silver, piece by piece, in a spring of pure water near, and yet known as, the Greenwell Spring.

In course of time, he purchased the site of his former dwelling, and the estate around it, and by means of his large, ill-gotten wealth, he caused the hall to be erected.

‘All the accessories,’ says Grainge, ‘are here to render the story complete, and give it a semblance of truth ; the barn remains in which the builder slept, until the sun and the wind of Swinsty had removed the deadly miasma, which might have clung about him from the plague-stricken city ; the Greenwell

Spring yet rises clear and copious, as when he washed the tainted gold in its bright sparkling waters; the family of Robinson, said to have been his descendants, held possession of the place up to recent times; and lastly, the hall itself stands, the best and most majestic of the old halls, which grace the valley of the Washburn!

And yet, alas for legend and tradition! investigation of prosaic title-deeds has blown the whole story to the wind, and sets forth the full and true history of the hall's erection by Henry Sutill, and Ralph and Francis Wood, and its purchase in after-times by Henry Robinson, a true and honest man of good family in Lancashire, from whom the Robinsons of Swinsty duly descended.

CRAGG HALL AND ITS TRADITIONS.

'Cragg Hall—now lone and dreary—
Which from Eliza's day
Hath looked o'er vale and woodland,
Sees but the water's play.

'And quiet "Thackwray" homestead—
Whence sprang the race of fame,
Its wood, and holm, and brooklet—
Has perished but in name.

'And o'er the spot where Fairfax
First taught his nephew brave,
And lived, and sung, and died,
There beats the rippling wave.'

Cragg Hall is another of the Elizabethan houses found in the Washburn Valley, and stands on the southern slope, pleasantly environed by a grove of large sycamore and ash trees, a little more than a mile from Swinsty. The whole valley in front of it is now

occupied by the large lake-like reservoir, belonging to the corporation of the town of Leeds. Formerly rich meadows and woodlands lay between it and the winding river, across which, immediately in front, was the homestead whence sprung the family of Thackeray, the world-famed novelist.

Little alteration has been made in the hall itself, hence it still retains many of the original features—somewhat rude, but substantial and strong—of a gentleman's house in the later days of Elizabeth. The long, narrow, mullioned windows are still secured by stout bars of iron. Much of the oak wainscoting, and several of the massive oaken doors, are still *in situ*.

The principal object to which tradition clings is the large outer door of the chief entrance. This is formed of heavy, thick, unplanned oak planks, placed double, and held together by almost numberless large stud-headed nails, which project, and almost cover the outer surface. The door is secured by a large bar of black oak, drawn completely across the doorway, from jamb to jamb, on the inside. Near one of the massive iron hinges are three indentations in the wood, which have started from their places two or three of the nails.

Hereunto hangs the story :

In the days of the great rebellion of the seventeenth century, the neighbouring strongholds of Skipton Castle and Knaresborough Castle were occupied by king's troops, whose necessities, perhaps as much as their disposition, frequently led them upon marauding expeditions in the adjoining country. No doubt any persons suspected of Puritan tendencies were the object of special attention.

Such parties had visited one or two neighbouring places in the Forest of Knaresborough, and had left no pleasant savour behind them in the minds of the inhabitants. Cragg Hall was then tenanted by a stout and sturdy Parliamentarian, who, hearing of the doings of the Royalists among his neighbours, is said to have exclaimed, in the hearing of one, who was secretly in league with the king's men :

‘God spare us ! the wild and the accursèd band !
Their hearts are as withered as Jeroboam's hand.’

This was quickly reported to the garrisons as a disrespectful, if not disloyal, speech, and not many days elapsed before an avenging party was on its way to Cragg Hall. The wily tenant had been premonished, and had prepared himself. A valuable stud of horses, which he was especially anxious should not fall into the enemy's hands, he caused to be hidden in a copse of alders by the river-side—until a few years ago still pointed out. His other worldly goods he bestowed elsewhere. His household he dispersed among the neighbouring farmers. And then, making fast the bars of his citadel, and taking special care with regard to the massive chief door, he betook himself to a hiding-place, in a cavity near the roof, in the thick walls of the house, and there awaited events.

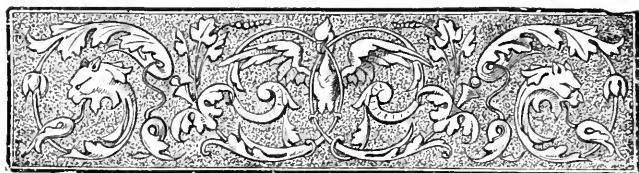
The plundering-party arrived. All was still as death. No response, or sound, answered to their loud demands for admission, and the bolts and bars resisted all efforts to force an entry. At length, a sledge-hammer being brought on the scene, their strongest man made an attack on the great door. It resisted the heaviest blows, but the honourable scars yet remain upon its

face. An entrance was, however, forced elsewhere, and the place was looted, and what could not be removed was destroyed. Of this the owner was an unwilling witness from his hiding-place; and although, being afflicted with asthma, he could not suppress a cough, yet he remained secure and undiscovered. Neither did the party discover his horses, or any other of his most treasured possessions; and, on their departure, he came forth, thankful that his plans had succeeded so well, and that he had outwitted the enemy, with so little injury to himself.

When the present writer spent his boyhood at Cragg Hall, the hiding-place of its once sagacious tenant was still to be seen, and its gloomy recess avoided as a place about which there was something 'uncanny.' Probably it is still to be seen.

'Cragg Hall! To memory sacred and affection dear
 I leave thee. My dead fathers loved thee well,
 And thou their joys, and sorrows too, couldst tell!
 They loved thee through spring and summer, autumn sere.
 And winter's death, of many a circling year.
 Their birth thou hail'd; then list their marriage bell;
 Young voices successive heard; then, hark! the knell!
 Thy lord was fatherless; there fell the widow's tear.
 I leave thee—home, where all their joys, and fears,
 And loves were known, for twice a hundred years.
 I leave thee. Since another owns thee now,
 For him, and his, thy hearths their welcome glow;
 For them thy halls resound, and shelter spread.
 I leave thee!—but as the widow leaves her dead.'





VIII.

HUMOROUS LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

AUSTWICK.

NESTLING among the limestone hills of West Yorkshire is the village of Austwick. In olden days, when its inhabitants could have had little communication with the outside world, their isolation may have generated characteristics in the villagers, which excused all the absurd stories of the neighbourhood being visited upon the heads of the Austwick 'carles.' But certainly no such excuse now exists. In intelligence, culture, and hospitable kindness, the Austwick people of to-day are not one whit behind the best of their neighbours; yet many of the humorous, and absurd, traditions, of the mental denseness of olden times, cling—and will continue to do so for many a long year—to the village and its people.

The following are among the stories told of the 'carles.' Some of them are related also of other villages, *e.g.* Gotham, in Notts—far and wide from this—but *all* of them are heaped upon Austwick.

THE WHITTLE TO THE TREE.

Time was—in the far-off days of village communities—when the whole of the inhabitants possessed but one knife, for the common use, and for all purposes. This was called the village ‘whittle,’ and when not in use was, for the general convenience, deposited in the fork of a large tree on the village green. Occasionally some negligent user omitted to return it to its proper place, and so, when required by another of the community, its locality was unknown. Thereupon it became necessary for the person requiring it, to make his want known by proceeding through the village, crying, ‘T’wittle to th’ tree! T’wittle to th’ tree!’ This legendary cry is one, by which an Austwick man is yet sometimes reminded, of this episode in the ancient economy of his village, by his neighbours inclined to a jest at his expense.

The ‘whittle’ came to a sad end. A party of the villagers profanely took it with them, when they went to work on Swarthmoor. Having used it for dining purposes at noon, they debated where they should deposit it, for safety, until their return to the village at evening. On that wild waste of moor there was no tree, or other prominent object, to mark the spot where it could be left. At length a small black cloud came sailing above them, casting, in the bright sunlight, its shadow upon the ground. Promptly the ‘carles’ decided to place the precious knife where that shadow fell, certain that they could thereby, at the close of their day’s work, find the spot. Alas! at even the shadow was gone, and no trace of the spot, where the village ‘whittle’ still rests, has yet been found.

A BULL STORY.

The fields in the neighbourhood of Austwick are enclosed by high stone walls, the only means of ingress and egress being through a large gateway. In one of these fields, near the village, an Austwick farmer had a large bull. It so happened that it was necessary to remove the animal from the enclosure. Calling to his assistance several of his neighbours, they proceeded to the field for this purpose. The bull was safely driven to the gate; but, alas! the gate was closed. What could now be done? For several hours, so says the story, these men of Austwick used frantic endeavours to lift the *bull over the gate*! All their efforts failing to accomplish this, one of their number was requested to proceed to the village to call more of their neighbours to the task. In acting upon this request, he opened the gate to proceed on his journey. In a moment of inspiration, the idea flashed upon the minds of his companions, that the bull might be got out of the field by the same means. The gate was again unloosed, and the task was done. 'Who tried to lift the bull over the gate?' is a salutation which still occasionally reaches the ears of Austwick farmers.

MISDIRECTED EFFORT.

Another story or legend, somewhat like the last, relates an effort to remove the grass from the roof of Austwick Hall. In far-off days the hall was a large low building covered by a wide-spreading roof of thatch. Neglect had allowed a plentiful crop of grass and weeds to grow upon the thatch. How to remove this vege-

table growth was a problem that had for some time exercised the minds of the 'carles.' At length a general consultation was called, and the decision of the accumulated wisdom was, that a cow must be lifted upon the roof to dispasture it. Whether this was accomplished, or someone, more sagacious than the rest, ventured to suggest that it might be easier to fetch the grass down than to raise the cow up, tradition is silent. The thatch, as well as the cow, is gone, and Austwick Hall is no longer a place in need of such devices.

WALLING IN THE CUCKOO.

The well-worn legend, common to so many places, of an attempt to 'wall in' the cuckoo, is related of the inhabitants of Austwick, but with the additional credit that they not only attempted the task, but that they were the *first* villagers to make the attempt. Theirs is a grazing district, and much of the year's success depends upon there being suitable weather for the growth of the grass in the spring and early summer. Noticing that such weather always came with the cuckoo, they determined on the next occasion to surround the bird with a high wall, and by this means secure her permanent residence among them. The work was begun, and carried on, up to the point when success was all but certain—but then, alas! the bird took fright, and soaring, with her mocking cry, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo,' above their highest effort, they saw her no more until her return in nature's course another year.

These by no means exhaust the list of ridiculous legends and stories related of the village; but one more only shall be given here.

THE ROPE-BOUND CLIFF.

This was, perhaps, the most successful of the villagers' efforts. One of the tall limestone cliffs, which abound near their village, was deemed to be in great danger of separating from the mountain-side, and hurling itself upon the devoted village. Frequent councils were held to devise some effectual means of preventing such a catastrophe. On the top of the projecting mass grew a large oak-tree, and the result of the long debates of the 'carles' was that a number of stout ropes should be procured, and with these, passed round the face of the cliff, it should be firmly bound to the tree which stood upon its top. The device was carried out, and answered its purpose most effectually, for the cliff, with the tree on the top, still overlooks and smiles upon the village.

LEAKE AND ITS LEGENDS.

Leake, with its ancient church—some portions of which belong to Saxon times—is the centre of an extensive parish in the North Riding. The township of Leake itself now, however, consists of but the church and one dwelling, viz., Leake Hall—once a seat of the Danbys, but now a farmhouse—hard by the churchyard boundary.

There are evident traces of an extensive village in the vicinity, but all historical records of it have perished. Traditions linger around the spot telling of attacks by the Danes, and of final destruction by the Scots. There is great probability of the truth of the latter.

THE HEROIC WOMEN OF LEAKE.

To the north-east of the churchyard there is a lane named 'Danes' Lane,' and this is pointed to as an abiding evidence of the credibility of the stories of the incursions of those rough Northmen.

On one occasion they seized the village, slew or drove away the men, and took as captive-wives all the females of the place. Each of the women had, however, provided herself with a knife, which she concealed about her person. At an agreed hour each one attacked her man, who, being unarmed, was quickly overcome and slain. More than five hundred thus perished at the hands of the women of Leake, and the deed struck such terror into other Danish invaders in the neighbourhood, that they at once fled the country. Ever afterwards the women of this village were treated with double honour. Instead of being called upon to wait upon the husbands, and fathers, and brothers, they were seated at their right hands at meals, and in all social matters a precedence was given them.

Unfortunately this model village of chivalry and women's rights was swept away by ruthless sons of Scotia when they ravaged these northern parts, after the disastrous battle of Bannockburn, and Leake is now little but a name.

THE THREE TAILORS OF LEAKE—A CHURCHYARD
EPISODE.

So late as the last generation the tailors, in country places of Yorkshire, did their work at the houses of their customers. The latter provided the material for

the household clothing, and the professional knight of the goose visited the house to make it up into the necessary garments. Occasionally the workman was suspected of appropriating to his own purposes portions of the material provided—often, no doubt, very wrongly so suspected.

Once upon a time, three tailors—the master and two apprentices—from the hamlet of Silton, had been engaged in their daily occupation at Leake Hall. When the day's work was done, and before they started for their home at Silton, the darkness of night had set in.

Their road was a footpath which passes through the churchyard. This sacred enclosure is surrounded by high walls, and the footpath enters by several steps, or short ladders, on each side of the wall. In the churchyard there was a number of black Scotch bullocks, one of which had laid itself down, for the night, at the foot of the steps, over which the footpath enters the enclosure.

Unconscious of danger, the three tailors—the master leading the way, his assistants following respectfully in his footsteps—started on their homeward journey.

With conscious confidence, the master, in the darkness, led the way over the steps, and, in so doing, strode across the back of the recumbent bullock. In an instant it was upon its feet, with the tailor still upon its back. Terrified with its strange burden, it rushed away into the deeper darkness, where, as it galloped round the ancient pile, its snortings of fear, mingled with the frantic cries of its rider, made the place resound with most unearthly noises.

The two youthful followers at once rushed back to the hall, conscience-stricken and terrified, and, throwing down certain small parcels upon the table, exclaimed with breathless gasps:

‘Here are the trimmings, and here are the buttons and linings; but the devil has run away with the master and the piece of broadcloth.’

RATHMELL ‘IN ENGLAND.’

The village of Rathmell—humorously designated in its neighbourhood Rathmell, or ‘Ramell,’ *in England*—is a village in the valley of the Ribble, and a few miles from Settle, in Yorkshire.

The somewhat pretentious addition to its name is thus accounted for:

The river is subject to sudden floods, and on these occasions the ‘ings,’ or low-lying lands by its side, are frequently submerged. Once upon a time haymaking was going on merrily in ‘Ramell’ ings, and one man of the village, there employed, had partaken somewhat too freely of the good things provided. Toward evening he fell asleep upon one of the haycocks, and was there left by his companions when they returned home for the night. Heavy rain came on: the river suddenly overflowed its banks, and the haycock, with its sleeping burden, floated some miles down the valley with the flood. A neighbouring farmer found it, on the following morning, stranded in shallow water, with the labourer still asleep. Seeing the man’s unusual, and somewhat perilous, position, he awoke him and asked his name.

‘Tommy Johnson,’ was the reply.

‘What,’ said the farmer, ‘Tommy Johnson of Ramell?’

‘Ay,’ rousing himself still further, rubbing his eyes, and looking around him. ‘Ay, Tommy Johnson, of *Ramell, in England.*’

Evidently, beholding himself surrounded by a broad expanse of water, and missing the familiar objects of his home, he had concluded that he had been floated to some foreign strand far away from his English vale. Since that day ‘Ramell, or Rathmell, in England,’ has clung to Tommy’s native village.

A like story is told of Wandsford-Brigg, in Derbyshire, by Drunken Barnaby.

In the words of a writer (William Dobson), whose version is here followed, I can only say, ‘I give the story as a veritable Craven legend.’

‘I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as ’twas told to me.’

THE LOST CORPSE.

A narrow road, called Beech-paths, runs across the country from below Upsal Castle to Kirkby Knowle, passing Beckstead Wood at a point known as ‘Lost Corpse End.’

A writer, under the *nom de plume* of ‘Falcon,’ thus gives the story of the spot :

‘The narrative is best told in the words of an old man in 1862, as related to the writer by the late Rev. A. T. Atwood, of Knayton :

“I was seventeen years old, and now I am eighty-four, so you may count how many years it is ago. I was one of the bearers of poor dame ——, whom we

were carrying to bury at Kirkby Knowle. Just as we arrived at that spot (Lost Corpse End), we set down our burden. It was a hot autumn day, and the nuts in Beckstead Wood were enticing. It was the best nut year I ever remember. We all went off to gather them, and when we returned, lo, the corpse was gone !”

“ “Washed away by a sudden rise in the burn, I suppose ?”

“ “No, sir ; I wish it had ; we should then have found it and got it back. The coffin was there, never touched by mortal man, but empty. We took it up, but it was light as empty coffin could be. We ran with it to Kirkby Knowle Church, and the parson did the burying, but the corpse was—was—lost, and all along of our nutting.””

THE GHOST OF THE MARTYRED KING.

A RIPON LEGEND.

Charles I. was brought by his captors to the ancient, and loyal, city of Ripon in February, 1646, where he was lodged for two nights.

Strange to say he has never forgotten the courtesy and hospitality with which he was there entertained, and, ever since, he has regularly returned to visit the hospitable mansion of his entertainer. In the early part of the present century this house, or a neighbouring one, was inhabited by an excellent and benevolent old lady, the very essence of loyalty, and who was well acquainted with the reputed visits of the martyred king. The bottles in her well-furnished wine-cellar were continually found emptied and reversed. She questioned her domestics as to this phe-

nomenon, and was from time to time assured by them that whenever King Charles appeared, the rats twisted their tails around the corks of the bottles, and, extracting them with all the deftness of an experienced butler, presented their generous contents, in brimming goblets, to the parched lips of his majesty.

In her profound confidence in human truthfulness, and her deep loyalty to the unfortunate monarch, and pity for his sufferings and necessities, she was contented by the explanation given, and never allowed any further investigation to be made. 'Let me suffer loss,' she would say, 'rather than be thought a rebel, and add to the calamities of a murdered king. King Charles is very welcome.'

THE LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SURNAME 'METCALF'; AND OF THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE FAMILY.

The family of Metcalf of Wensleydale, and other parts of the county, ranks among the oldest and most respected families of Yorkshire.

One member of it fought at Agincourt; another, when High Sheriff, in the days of Queen Mary, met the judges at York with a cavalcade of three hundred attendants of his own name, all mounted upon white horses of the well-known Wensleydale breed; another was high forester of Wensleydale in time of Richard I. Other members of the family have held high office in the universities, as well as in the church and state.

The arms of the family are: 'Argent, three calves ambalant sable.'

In the Saxon days Wensleydale and its lateral vales

formed a vast forest, with cultivated lands only around the villages and homesteads. Wild animals of many kinds inhabited the woods, and beings more to be dreaded were also believed, by the superstitious, to be denizens of these wide and gloomy solitudes.

In the woods of Raydale and of Bishopdale, strange sounds had long been heard ; strange animals of uncouth shape had been seen in the twilight ; and the terror became so intense, among the scanty population, that many persons were leaving their houses, and abandoning the tending of their cattle, and the cultivation of their fields.

In this crisis a meeting of the dalesmen was held. Every means of ridding the neighbourhood of the object of its terror was discussed. At last a wise counsellor of the party proposed that two of their number should be deputed to proceed to the woods, and, by stealthy observation, endeavour to discover what kind of animal, or hobgoblin, the disturber was. The proposal was applauded. But who would bell the cat ?

At length, Oswald, a man of position among his fellows, said : ' It is a dangerous business, but I am an unmarried man, with no one, if evil should befall me, to mourn my loss ; I will be one to go if another can be found to join me.'

After a further pause, another landowner, named Wilfrid, consented to join Oswald in the enterprise.

The following afternoon, a gloomy autumn day, armed with boar-spears, they started for the recesses of the forest. They discussed the probabilities, as they proceeded, as to what the enemy might prove to be. Could it be a lion ? Hardly ; for such had never

been known in these woods. Could it be some monster, neither man nor beast, such as they had heard of in the tales of the marvellous? or could it be some barguest, evil spirit, or the devil himself? The discussion of these possibilities did not tend to raise the courage of the adventurous two.

‘We have,’ exclaimed Oswald, ‘undertaken the task to find out what it is, and we must now go through with it. Let us forward, therefore.’

‘Hark! did you hear that?’ exclaimed Wilfrid; ‘I am sure it was the roar of a lion!’

‘It may be,’ said Oswald; ‘but let us onward and see.’

They turned up a narrow glade leading in the direction from whence came the roar, Oswald in front, his companion following timidly at his heels.

Suddenly, at a turn of the glade, they descried, in the distance, an animal, or something like an animal, moving slowly toward them.

‘There it is,’ tremblingly whispered Wilfrid; ‘it is a lion!’

Down went his hunting-spear, and up went his heels, as, in an awful terror, he fled back through the woods, without once making a pause, until he arrived at the village. Soon the startling news spread from him. They had seen an enormous lion! Oswald had been left behind, unable to escape, and was, no doubt, devoured. Wailing and woe filled the hamlet.

Meanwhile Oswald stood his ground; nay more, he steadily walked forward toward the animal. As he saw nothing very startling in its appearance his trepidation, natural under such circumstances, began to abate. He still moved forward, taking, however, the

precaution of putting his boar-spear in position to repel an attack if necessary. *He* went on—it came on—and he met—What! a calf! a black, or, as some authorities say, a red calf! From that time the courageous Oswald was known as Oswald Met-calf, and the harmless animal, so boldly met, was given a place upon his armorial shield; and, in like manner, the cowardly Wilfrid, ever after, bore about with him the token of his ignominious flight, in the name of Wilfrid Lightfoot.

THE FELON SOW OF ROKEBY.

The ballad of the 'Felon Sow of Rokeby' is usually regarded as legendary, and full of all the marvels of legendary lore, but in reality it is a clever satirical and humorous poem, like 'The Dragon of Wantley'—ridiculing and satirizing the greed and rapacity of the monks of the fifteenth century.

From incidental references in some of the verses, it may be gathered that it relates, probably, to about the year 1500 A.D. It was first printed by Whitaker in his 'History of Craven,' in 1805, 'from,' he says, 'a manuscript in my possession.' The dialect is very closely related to that of Craven, and, from this circumstance, it has been supposed that a Craven man must have been its author. The object of the writer cannot be better, or more tersely expressed, than in Dr. Whitaker's words—viz., 'to show that a mendicant friar would fight for a bacon-hog as eagerly as a knight would encounter a wild boar.' The original title is 'The Felon Sewe, and the Frieres of Richmond.' The 'Friers' were the Gray Friars of Richmond, the

beautiful and massive tower of whose house alone now remains.

Rokeby-in-Teesdale, some twelve miles across the hills from Richmond, is, of course, the place immortalized by the Wizard of the North in his poem 'Rokeby,' and its park for centuries was the seat of the family of that name.

At the time, referred to by the ballad, an enormous vicious wild sow inhabited the woods of Rokeby. She was given to the Friars of Richmond by Ralph de Rokeby, but they were themselves to capture her. The poem opens:

'Ye men that will of aunters winne,
That late within this land hath beene,
Of one I will you tell,
And of a sow that was sae strang—
Alas! that ever she lived sae lang,
For fell folk did she whell.

'She was mare strang than other three,
The grizliest beast that ere might be,
Her head was great and gray;
She was bred in Rokeby Wood,
There were few that thither goed
That came alive away.

'Her walk was endlong Gretna side;
There was no bren that durst her bide,
That was frae Heaven or Hell;
Nor never man that had that might,
That ever durst come in her sight,
Her force it was so fell.

'Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,
The fryers of Richmond gave her till
Full well to garre them fare.
Fryer Middleton, by his name,
He was sent to fetch her hame,
That rued him sine full sare.'

Friar Middleton took with him two stalwart brethren,
or retainers, to assist in the capture.

‘ These three men went at God’s will ;
This wicked sew—while they came till
Liggan under a tree ;
Rugg and rusty was her hair ;
She raise up with a felon fare,
To fight against the three.

‘ She was so grizzley for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feete,
And bark came from the tree ;
When Fryer Middleton her saugh,
Weet ye well he might not laugh,
Full earnestly look’d hee.’

They attacked her and forced her into ‘ a kiln hole,’
where, after much ado, they

‘ Haltered her full meete ;
They hurled her forth against her will
Whiles they came unto a hill,
A little fro’ the street.

‘ And there she made them such a fray,
If they should live till Doomes-day
They tharrow it ne’er forget.’

She charged them right and left, but not one step
forward would she go.

‘ She gaped soe wide, and cried soe hee,
The friar said, “ I conjure thee,
Thou art a fiend of Hell !

“ Thou art come hither for some traine,
I conjure thee to go againe
Where thou wast wont to dwell.”
He sayned him with cross and creede,
Took forth a book, began to reade
In St. John his gossell.’

But ‘ The sew she would not Latin hear,’ and charged
her captors the more fiercely, and drove them to resort

to various devices to escape her fury, until at last she dragged the halter, or rope, from their hands, and was free.

‘ And then they fled all three,
 They fled away for Watling Street,
 They had no succour but their feet,
 It was the more pity.
‘ The field it was both lost and wonne,
 The sew went hame, and that full soone,
 To Morton on the greene ;
 When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape (rope).
 He wist that there had been debate,
 Whereat the sew had beene.
‘ He bade them stand out of her way,
 For she had had a sudden fray,—
 “ I saw never sew so keene ;
 Some new things shall we heare,
 Of her and Middleton the frear,
 Some batell hath there beene.” ’

When Friar Middleton and his companions arrived at home at Richmond, the brethren thanked God for his return.

‘ He told them all unto the end,
 How he had foughten with a fiend,
 And lived through mickle strife.’

Perhaps there was a little chaff and joke among the brotherhood, at Friar Middleton’s expense, underlying the expressions of interest and sympathy with which his narrative was received ; for

‘ He look’t so griesly all that night,
 The warden said, “ Yon man will fight
 If you say aught but good ;
 Yon guest hath grieved him so sare,
 Hold your tongues, and speake no mare,
 He looks as he were woode.” ’

The next day the Warden of the Friary hired two men-of-arms.

‘ One was Gilbert, Griffiths’ sonne,
Full mickle worship had he wonne,
Bothe by land and sea.
The other was a bastard son of Spaine,
Many a Sarazin hath he slain,
His dint hath gart them die.’

These were to go, fight, and capture the felon beast, and bring her home ; but if in the fight

‘ Should they die,
The warden sealed to them againe,
And said, “ In field if ye be slain,
This condition make I :
“ We shall for you pray, sing, and read,
To Doomesday with hearty speede,
With all your progeny.” ’

The champions went forth, and soon met the sow in the neighbourhood of her lair. Then followed a terrible battle. The ‘ bastard son of Spaine ’ at last was put *hors de combat*, and she had got such a terrible grip upon his companion,

‘ That through all his rich armour
The blood came out at last.
‘ Then Gilbert grieved was sae sare,
That he rave off both hide and haire,
The flesh came fro’ the bone ;
And with all force he felled her there,
And wann her worthily in werre,
And band her him alone.
‘ And lift her on a horse sae hee,
Into two paniers well-made of a tre,
And to Richmond they did hay ;
When they saw her come,
They sang merrily Te Deum,
The fryers on that day.

‘ They thanked God and St. Francis
As they had won the best of pris,
And never a man was slaine ;
There did never a man more manly,
Knight, Marcus, nor yett Sir Guy,
Nor Loth of Louthyane.

‘ If ye will any more of this,
In the fryers of Richmond ’tis
In parchment good and fine ;
And how Fryer Middleton that was so kind.
At Greta Bridge conjured a fiend,
In likeness of a swine.

‘ It is well known to many a man,
That Fryer Theobald was warden than,
And this fell in his time ;
And Christ them bless both farre and neare,
All that for solace list this to heare,
And him that made the rhyme.

‘ Ralph Rokeby with full goodwill,
The fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
This sew to mend their fare ;
Fryer Middleton by his name,
Would needs bring the fat sew hame,
That rued him since full sare.’





IX.

ADDITIONAL MISCELLANEOUS LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

THE FATE OF THE ELLANDS.

IN the time of Edward the Confessor, when Wilfred de Elland was Lord of Elland, a young Norman, named Hugh Beaulay—who, like so many of his countrymen in that king's reign, had found his way into England—was overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm among the wild Yorkshire hills. He found hospitable shelter in the hall of the Lord of Elland. The young and attractive stranger treacherously won the affections of the beautiful young wife of his entertainer. He lingered, at the home he had so wronged, until the treachery became manifest to De Elland, who challenged the young man to mortal combat. The struggle took place in the banqueting-hall, and was long and fierce. At last the Norman, assisted by the faithless wife, drove his sword into the breast of the unhappy husband. The house-carles, aroused at length by the noise, burst open the door, and rushed in to the rescue of their master; but too late. They

were only in time to see the wounded Lord of Elland, by a dying effort, raise himself from the floor, dip his hand in the blood which flowed from his wound, hurl it in the face of his victorious antagonist, and, with gasping breath, exclaim, 'As thou hast won this heritage by bloodshed, so shall it go from thee and from thy house.'

The marriage of the guilty widow with the murderer placed him, so it is said, in possession of the hall, and the wide domains of the De Ellands, whose name also he assumed. Upon the advent of his countryman, William the Conqueror, he heartily joined that tyrant in his oppressions of the English; and in the northern rebellion against him, in 1069, the false Lord of Elland fell by the hands of a Saxon nobleman, whose lands had been added to his already ill-gotten possessions.

All the descendants of this man are said to have been marked with three blood-spots upon the forehead. This evil distinction they inherited, from father to son, as a memorial of the blood, which the true Lord of Elland hurled into the face of his Norman murderer with his dying hand.

One of these descendants was hanged by Edward II., at Pontefract, for taking part with the refractory barons who rose against that monarch's favourites.

The son of this one—Sir John Elland—was a favourite with Edward III., and materially assisted him in his Scottish wars, and was one of the most haughty and overbearing of the smaller nobles of Yorkshire.

He was the person around whose life legend and tradition relate the tragic events, which have made the

fate of the Ellands a landmark in Yorkshire story. These legends and traditions have been embodied in a ballad—in the words of which they shall now be chiefly told—published many years ago.

The turbulence of the reigns of Stephen and of John, when the oppressions and cruelties, of the strong over the weak, were unchecked, and private wrongs, or supposed wrongs, were avenged with unmerciful rigour, had not altogether passed away in the days of the second and third Edward. Indeed, the historian (Brady) of the reign of Stephen tells us, that the violent execution of private revenge was a recognised institution, introduced into England by the Normans. So that 'if any earl, or great man, found himself aggrieved by another, they frequently got together all their men at arms, or knights that held of them, their other tenants, and poor dependents, and as much assistance, from their friends and confederates, as they could, and burnt one another's castles and houses.'

Sir John Elland had among his powerful neighbours Sir Robert Beaumont of Crossland—'a kind and courteous knight'—and his near relatives, Hugh de Quarmby, and John de Lockwood.

The cause of the quarrel between Sir John and his neighbour—'the kind and courteous knight'—has never been really ascertained. One story is, that a relative, named Exley, of Sir Robert Beaumont had slain, in a quarrel, a nephew of Sir John Elland's, and the offender was screened by Sir Robert. Another is, that the anger and jealousy of Sir John, who was a powerful man of ungovernable passions and revengeful disposition, were aroused, against Sir Robert and his

relatives, by reason of their having obtained some neighbouring estates which he had expected to inherit. Now to the ballad relating the tragedy :

ACT I.

‘Sometime there dwelt in Crossland Hall,
A kind and courteous knight ;
It was well known that he withal
Sir Robert Beaumont hight.

‘At Eland Sir John Eland dwelt,
Within his manor hall ;
The town his own, the parish held
Most part upon him all.

* * * *

‘But now I blush to sing for dread,
Knowing mine own country,
So basely stor’d with Cain his seed
There springeth plenteously.

* * * *

‘Some say that Eland sheriff was
By Beaumont disobey’d,
Which might him make for that trespass
With him the worse appaid.

‘He raised the country round about,
His friends and tenants all,
And for his purpose picked out
Stout, sturdy men, and tall.

‘To Quarmby Hall they came by night,
And there the lord they slew,
At that time Hugh of Quarmby hight,
Before the country knew.

‘To Lockwood then the selfsame night
They came, and there they slew
Lockwood of Lockwood, that wily knight,
That stirred the strife anew.’

Thus, having disposed of Sir Robert Beaumont’s two relatives and supporters, Sir John and his turbulent

followers turned their steps towards Crossland Hall, the residence of Sir Robert. This house was protected by a moat and a drawbridge, and other means of defence, and might not, therefore, be so easily entered as the others. They lurked in ambush near the place, until they saw one of the serving-maids let down the bridge, for the purpose of going out to meet her lover at the adjoining village. Scarcely had she passed out, when the ambushed men rushed in, with Sir John at their head, and, assaulting the doors of the Hall, they broke in. Even

‘The knight’s chamber they did invade
And took the knight withal.

‘And this is for most certainly
That slain before he was,
He fought against them manfully,
Unarmed as he was.

‘His servants rose, and still withstood,
And struck with might and main ;
In his defence they shed their blood,
But all this was in vain.

‘The lady cry’d, and shriek’d withal,
When as from her they led
Her dearest knight into the hall,
And there cut off his head.’

They then sat down to feast, in the hall of the dead knight, compelling his servants to attend upon them, and the young widow and her two sons to join in their revellings. The elder of the two sons, Adam Beaumont, though only five years of age, refused to eat or drink with his father’s murderers ; and when Sir John Elland offered to him bread, he contemptuously threw it in the knight’s face.

“ See how this boy,” said Eland, “ see,
 His father’s death can take !
 If any be, it will be he,
 That will revengement make.”

Therefore, in a towering passion, Sir John swore that he would closely observe the boy ; and if he saw the least sign of ‘ revengement ’ springing up in the youth, he would weed out every one of Beaumont’s blood, as they weed out the weed from the corn.

ACT II.

The widow at once sought shelter and protection with her relatives, the Townleys and the Breretons, in Lancashire, under whose hospitable roofs she brought up her two sons.

‘ Brereton and Townley friends they were
 To her, and of her blood ;
 And presently it did appear
 They sought to do her good.

‘ They kept the boys ‘till they increased
 In person and in age ;
 Their father’s death to have redrest
 Still kindled their courage.

‘ Lacy and Lockwood were with them
 Brought up at Brereton Green,
 And Quarmby, kinsman unto them,
 At home durst not be seen.

The feats of fence they practised,
 To wield their weapons well,
 Till fifteen years were finished,
 And then it so befel ;

‘ Lockwood, the eldest of them all,
 Said, “ Friends, I think it good,
 We went into our country all,
 To ‘venge our fathers’ blood.”

* * * *

‘To this the rest then all agreed,
Devising day by day,
Of this their purpose how to speed,
What was the readiest way.’

They consulted with two men, named Haigh and Dawson, from the neighbourhood of Elland. Through these they learned that Sir John, who was still Sheriff of the county, would hold his Sheriff's Court at Brighthouse upon a certain day, and that he would have to return to Elland (probably alone) by a road which led through a lonely wood, called Cromwellbottom Wood.

Here the young men, and their followers, arranged to lie in ambush and attack him.

‘In Cromwellbottom Woods they lay,
A number with them mo,
Armed they were in good array,
A spy they had also.

‘Beneath Brookfoot a hill there is
To Brighthouse in the way,
Forth came they to the top of this,
There prying for their prey.’

Sir John came riding up the lane unaware of danger, until the young men, and their band, suddenly stood before him. Then, raising his hat in courtesy, he made as if he would pass by them. The avengers of blood told him who they were, and that his courtesy would avail him nothing.

‘Said Adam Beaumont with the rest,
“Thou hast our fathers slain,
Whose death we mind shall be redrest
Of thee, and thine, certain.”’

He recognised the youth who had cast the bread in his face in Crossland Hall so many years before. He

knew there could be no quarter given now. He sprang suddenly with his sword at young Beaumont, and would have cleft his skull had not the blow been turned aside by young Lockwood. Then

‘To strike at him still did they strive,
But Eland still withstood,
With might and main, to save his life,
But still they shed his blood.
‘They cut him from his company,
Belike at the lane end ;
And there they slew him certainly,
And thus he made his end.’

ACT III.

‘When Sir John Eland thus was slain,
Indeed the story tells,
Both Beaumont and his fellows then
Fled to Furness Fells.

* * * *

‘In Furness Fells long time they were,
Boasting of their misdeed ;
In more mischief contriving there,
How yet they might proceed.’

Sir John Elland had been succeeded as Lord of Elland by his son, also named Sir John. He seems to have been a very different man from his father, being of a devout and peaceful disposition, and highly esteemed by all his neighbours.

But this did not save him from the murderous hands of his hereditary foes. In their hiding-places, in the recesses of the fells of Furness, they resolved upon his death, and proceeded to carry out their resolution much in the same way, as they had accomplished that of his father.

On the eve of Palm Sunday, Adam Beaumont, Lacy,

Lockwood, and Quarmby, with followers, hid themselves in a mill, by which the young Lord of Elland, his wife, and young heir, were expected to pass on their way to church on Palm Sunday.

This happened as they expected. The knight, his wife, and child, and servants, to shorten the route, attempted to pass over the stones forming the mill-dam, which long drought had made possible. While they were doing this, the party rushed from their hiding-place in the mill. First Adam Beaumont shot an arrow, which glanced off the knight's breast-plate. Lockwood did the same with equal success. Sir John now recognised his assailants, and taunted them with their want of skill, and with their secret and cowardly attack, and warning them, that the whole town of Elland would arise to defend or avenge him. This they feared.

'William of Lockwood was adread
The town would rise indeed ;
He shot the knight quite thro' the head,
And slew him then with speed.'

His young son and heir was also mortally wounded.

'His son and heir was wounded there,
But yet not dead at all ;
Into the house conveyed he were,
And died in Eland Hall.'

Thus perished the last of the Ellands. A sister of the last lord had married one of the Savile family, and through her that family succeeded to the estates.

'The full sister his heir she was,
And Savile wed the same ;
Thus lord of Eland Savile was,
And since in Savile's name.

‘What deeds these men such frays did frame,
Deeds have I read, and heard
That Savile came to Eland’s name
In Edward’s days the third.’

As the assailants of the last Eland expected, as soon as the attack and murder became known, the whole town of Eland was roused, and started in pursuit of the murderers.

‘And, to be short, the people rose
Throughout the town about ;
Then fiercely following on their foes,
With hue and cry, and shout.

‘All sorts of men show’d their good wills,
Some bows and shafts did bear ;
Some brought forth clubs, and rusty bills,
That saw no sun that year.’

The fugitives were overtaken and made a determined resistance.

‘The hardiest man of them that was,
Was Quarmby—this is true,
For he would never turn his face,
Till Eland men him slew.’

They temporarily escaped again, but in further pursuit, Quarmby was found exhausted in Anneley Wood and slain.

In ‘A relation of the lives and deaths of Willm. Lockwood and Adam Beaumont, Esqs., and what adventures befel them after the battle with the Eland in Aneley Wood,’ we are told that Lockwood fled to Camel Hall (now Cannon Hall), and was there taken, after stout resistance, by the Sheriff of Yorkshire, and executed, ‘to the utter extirpation of the ancient family of Lockwood of Lockwood.’

Beaumont fled to France, joined the Knights of Rhodes, and many years afterwards his friends received the news, that his life had been ended, in an engagement with the Turks, in Eastern lands.

A LOVERS' LEGEND OF BOWES.

'EDWIN AND EMMA.'

'Rodger Wrightson, jun., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave. He died of a fever, and, upon tolling his passing bell, she cry'd out, "My heart is broke," and in a few hours expired, purely (or supposed, *interlined in a later hand*) thro' love. March 15, 1714-5, aged about 20 years each.'

Such is an extract from the register of burials in the parish of Bowes, a remote village in the north-west of Yorkshire.

The traditional story, which hangs upon it, is even more pathetic than the entry; and, besides being told in an old and popular ballad, which shall be freely quoted in re-telling it, the incident is the foundation of Mallet's touching ballad of 'Edwin and Emma.'

Roger Wrightson, jun., was the son of the landlord of the King's Head in the village, while Martha Railton was the daughter of the widowed hostess of the George. For over a year they had been faithful lovers, but the hope of union was barred, by the stern disapproval of the family of the young man—especially of his sister, Hannah Wrightson.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1715, Roger fell ill of a fever, of which he lingered until the second Sunday following, and then died, crying out as he did so: 'Martha, Martha, come away!'

When the serious illness of her lover was made known to Martha, she sent a friend to him, saying that she would gladly come and see him if he thought fit, in spite of whatever opposition might be offered by his friends.

‘Martha, with anxious thoughts possess’d,
A private message to him sent,
Lamenting that she could not rest
Until she’d seen her loving friend ;
His answer was, “Nay, nay, my dear,
Our folks will angry be, I fear.”

‘Full fraught with grief, she took no rest,
But spent her time in pain and fear,
Until few days before his death,
She sent an orange to her dear ;
But ’s cruel mother, in disdain,
Did send the orange back again.’

Yet, three days before his death, disregarding all insults, Martha went to his parents’ house. His mother was softened enough to lead her to his bedside, and, departing, begged her daughter Hannah also to come away, and leave the lovers alone. This the hard-hearted sister refused to do ; so

‘She staid two hours with her dear
In hopes for to declare her mind ;
But Hannah Wrightson stood so near,
No time to do it she could find ;
So that being almost dead with grief,
Away she went without relief.

‘Tears from her eyes did flow amain,
And she full oft would sigh, and say,
“My constant love, alas ! is slain,
And to pale death become a prey.
Oh, Hannah, Hannah, thou art base,
Thy pride will turn to foul disgrace !”

‘ She spent her time in Godly prayers,
And quiet rest from her did fly ;
She to her friends full oft declares,
She could not live if he did die :
Thus she continued till the bell
Began to sound his fatal knell.’

Upon hearing the first toll of the bell, she put aside the book she was reading, and threw her arms round her mother, exclaiming: ‘ Oh, dear mother, he is dead ; I cannot live !’ Her mother tried to console her, and so did a friend who came in.

‘ Her answer was, “ My heart is burst,
My span of life is near its end.
My love from me by death is forced,
My grief no soul can comprehend.”
Then her poor heart did soon wax faint,
When she had ended her complaint.

‘ Her mother, thinking she was dead,
Began to shriek, and cry amain,
And heavy lamentations made,
Which called her spirit back again.’

She only revived, however, for a few hours, in which she was ‘ dazed and convulsed,’ and then she passed away.

It was determined, by friends and neighbours, that the two should be laid in one grave. This Hannah, the sister, violently opposed, even to the last ; and when asked for her reasons for this bitterness, replied only with expressions of contempt for the departed.

But, in spite of her opposition, the burial as desired was carried out, and the ballad narrative ends :

‘ But when to church the corpse was brought,
And both of them met at the gate,
What mournful tears by friends were shed,
When then, alas ! it was too late !
When they in silent grave were laid—
The constant youth, and constant maid.’

MARY OF ROMANBY.

In Ingledew's 'Ballads of Yorkshire,' there is a very beautiful ballad given, founded upon the traditional murder of a girl from Romanby, at a lonely place near Morton Bridge, on the Swale, three or four miles from the former place.

The ballad must be given in full to tell its own story, but some little introduction may be of service to the reader.

Romanby is a village adjoining the town of Northallerton. In the early part of last century, it is said to have been the home of a notable band of coiners, the head of which resided in a large house, and was a man of repute and position.

Mary Ward was a domestic servant in this man's household. By some means—it is said by an accidental view of secret apartments used by the coiners—she had become aware of the secret of the band—a most fatal knowledge to her. She had whispered the secret to a companion, and, in due course, her possession of it reached the ears of her master. He and his companions decided that death only could seal her lips.

At sunset, one fine Sunday evening, an unknown messenger, supposed to be one of the confederates, brought to her an urgent message to return to her home at once, that evening, as her mother was dying. The distressed girl sought her master's presence to obtain the requisite permission, but failing to rouse him from a feigned sleep, she departed without it. Her Bible was left behind her in her chamber, and open at the place where she had been reading when the messenger

arrived, and, curiously enough, it was open at Job vii., where verse 21 was marked: 'For now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.'

After starting on her journey homeward, which was a few miles beyond Morton Bridge, the unhappy girl was never seen or heard of. Tradition, however, has always said, that she was murdered on a piece of waste ground near to the latter place, and her body secretly buried in the neighbourhood. All that is certainly known is, that ever since then, her restless spirit has wandered about the bridge, and been seen, and her screeches heard, by certain persons there at the witching hour of midnight.

'Oh, sights are seen, and sounds are heard,
On Morton Bridge at night,
When to the woods the cheerful birds
Have ta'en their silent flight.

'When through the mantle of the sky,
No cheering moonbeams delve,
And the far village clock hath told
The midnight hour of twelve.

'Then o'er the lonely path is heard
The sigh of sable trees,
With deadly moan of suff'ring strife
Borne on the solemn breeze.—

'For Mary's spirit wanders there,
In snowy robe array'd,
To tell each trembling villager
Where sleeps the murdered maid.

'It was a Sabbath's eve of love,
When nature seem'd more holy;
And nought in life was dull but she,
Whose look was melancholy.

‘ She lean’d her tear-stain’d cheek of health
Upon her lily arm ;
Poor, hapless girl ! she could not tell
What caus’d her wild alarm.

‘ Around the roses of her face
Her flaxen ringlets fell ;
No lovelier bosom than her own
Could guiltless sorrow swell.

‘ The Holy Book before her lay,
That boon to mortals given,
To teach the way from weeping earth
To ever-glorious heaven ;

‘ And Mary read prophetic words,
That whisper’d of her doom :—
“ Oh ! they will search for me, but where
I am, they cannot come !”

‘ The tears forsook her gentle eyes,
And wet the sacred lore ;
And such a terror shook her frame
She ne’er had known before.

‘ She ceas’d to weep, but deeper gloom
Her tearless musing brought ;
And darker wan’d the evening hour,
And darker Mary’s thought.

‘ The sun, he set behind the hills,
And threw his fading fire
On mountain, rock, and village home,
And lit the distant spire.

‘ (Sweet fane of truth and mercy ! where
The tombs of other years
Discourse of virtuous life and hope,
And tell of bygone tears !)

‘ It was a night of nature’s calm,
For earth and sky were still,
And childhood’s revelry was o’er,
Upon the daisied hill.

- ‘ The alehouse, with its gilded sign
Hung on the beechen bough,
Was mute within, and tranquilly
The hamlet-stream did flow.
- ‘ The room where sat this grieving girl
Was one of ancient years ;
Its antique shape was well displayed
To conjure up her fears ;
- ‘ With massy walls of sable oak,
And roof of quaint design,
And lattic’d window, darkly hid
By rose and eglantine.
- ‘ The summer moon now sweetly shone
All softly and serene ;
She clos’d the casement tremblingly
Upon the beauteous scene.
- ‘ Above that carvèd mantel hung,
Clad in the garb of gloom,
A painting of rich feudal state—
An old baronial room.
- ‘ The Norman windows scarcely cast
A light upon the wall,
Where shone the shields of warrior knights
Within the lonely hall.
- ‘ And, pendant from each rusty nail,
Helmet and steely dress,
With bright and gilded morion,
To grace that dim recess.
- ‘ Then Mary thought upon each tale
Of terrible romance—
The lady in the lonely tower—
The murderer’s deadly glance.
- ‘ The moonlit groves in pathless woods,
Where shadows nightly sped ;
Her fancy could not leave the realms
Of darkness and the dead.

‘ There stood a messenger without,
Beside her master’s gate,
Who, till his thirsty horse had drunk,
Would hardly deign to wait.

‘ The mansion rung with Mary’s name,
For dreadful news he bore—
A dying mother wish’d to look
Upon her child once more.

‘ The words were “Haste, ere life be gone ;”
Then was she quickly placed
Behind him on the hurrying steed,
Which soon the woods retrac’d.

‘ Now they have pass’d o’er Morton bridge,
While smiled the moon above
Upon the ruffian and his prey—
The hawk and harmless dove.

‘ The towering elms divide their tops ;
And now a dismal heath
Proclaims her “final doom” is near—
The awful hour of death !

‘ The villain check’d his weary horse,
And spoke of trust betray’d ;
And Mary’s heart grew sick with fright,
And, answering, thus she said :

“ Oh, kill me not until I see
My mother’s face again !
Ride on, in mercy, horseman, ride
And let us reach the lane !

“ There slay me by my mother’s door,
And I will pray for thee ;
For she shall find her daughter’s corse——”
“ No, girl, it cannot be.

“ This heath thou shalt not cross, for soon
Its earth shall hide thy form ;
That babbling tongue of thine shall make
A morsel for the worm !”

- ‘ She leap’d upon the ling-clad heath,
And, nerved with phrensied fear,
Pursued her slippery way across,
Until the wood was near.
- ‘ But nearer still two fiends appear’d,
Like hunters of the fawn,
Who cast their cumb’ring cloaks away,
Beside that forest lone ;
- ‘ And bounded swifter than the maid,
Who nearly ’scap’d their wrath,
For well she knew that woody glade,
And every hoary path,
- ‘ Obscur’d by oak and hazel-bush,
Where milk-maid’s merry song
Had often charm’d her lover’s ear,
Who blest her silv’ry tongue.
- ‘ But Mary missed the woodland stile—
The hedgerow was not high ;
She gain’d its prickly top, and now
Her murderers were nigh.
- ‘ A slender tree her fingers caught,
It bent beneath her weight ;
’Twas false as love and Mary’s fate !
Deceiving as the night !
- ‘ She fell, and villagers relate
No more of Mary’s hour,
But how she rose with deadly might,
And with a maniac’s power,
- ‘ Fought with her murderers till they broke
Her slender arm in twain ;
But none could e’er discover where
The maiden’s corse was lain.
- ‘ When wand’ring by that noiseless wood,
Forsaken by the bee,
Each rev’rend chronicler displays
The bent and treach’rous tree.

‘Pointing the barkless spot to view,
Which Mary’s hand embrac’d,
They shake their hoary locks, and say
“It ne’er can be effac’d!”’

THE SISTER CHURCHES.

On the east coast of Yorkshire, about fourteen miles from Hull, there stood two churches in close proximity to each other—St. Mary’s Church, Withernsea, and St. Peter’s, Owthorne, and known as the ‘Sister Churches.’

A tradition accounts for their having been erected so near together.

Two ladies, sisters, determined to build a church for their tenantry, and fixed upon Owthorne as the site. The edifice was completed all but the tower or steeple. A dispute then arose between the ladies, as to whether the church should have a tower only, or the tower should be surmounted by a spire.

So bitter grew the contention, that their friends persuaded them to submit the dispute to the Abbot of Kirkstall for settlement. This they did, who, finding no other means of satisfying both ladies, decided that each of them should build her own church after her own taste. This they did. Owthorne being already appropriated to the one, the other chose Withernsea, and there erected the sister church.

For many years they thus existed, most acceptable landmarks to the sailors on the coast, who always spoke of them as ‘the Sister Churches.’

Lack of population, it is to be presumed, caused Withernsea Church to be allowed to fall into ruins by the beginning of the present century; and an inroad of the sea, in 1816, swept away that of Owthorne. Both

have been replaced in more modern times, though the one taking the place of St. Peter's, Owthorne, is built at a part of the parish more distant, than the site of the old one, from its sister of Withernsea.

AN ANCIENT DEATH-DIRGE.

The late Mr. Ritson, the antiquary, quoted the following curious account of a popular belief, from a manuscript (Julius F. vi., 459) in the Cottonian Library :

In an account of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, of the time of Elizabeth, it is said : ' When any one dieth, certaine women sing a song to the deade bodie, recyting the jorney that the partye deseased must goe ; and they are of beleife, (such is their fondnesse), that once in their lives it is good to give a pair of new shoes to a poore man, for-as-much as, after this life, they are to pass barefoote through a great lande fulle of thornes and furzen, except, bye the meryte of almes aforesaide, they have reedeemed the forfeyte ; for, at the edge of the lande, an auld man shalle meete them with the same shoes that were given to the partye when they were lyving ; and, after he had shodde them, dismisseth them to go through thicke and thinne withouten scratche or scalle.'

This extract illustrates the following death-dirge, or ' Lich-wake Dirge,' of much older date than Elizabeth's time, and abounding with references to popular beliefs which are lost in antiquity.

' This aae night, this aae night,
 Everie night and awle,
 Fire, and salt, and candle light,
 And Christe receive thy sawle.

- ‘ When thou from hence dost pass away,
 Everie night and awle,
 To Whinney Moor thou com’st at last,
 And Christe receive thy sawle.
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.
- ‘ If ever thou gavest either hosen or shoen,
 Every night and awle,
 Sitt thee down and put them on,
 And Christ receive thy sawle.
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.
- ‘ But if hosen or shoen thou never gave man,
 Every night and awle ;
 The whins shall prick thee to the bare beane,
 And Christ receive thy sawle.
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.
- ‘ From Whinney Moor, when thou mayest pass,
 Every night and awle,
 To Brigg O’Dread thou comest at last,
 And Christ receive thy sawle,
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.
- ‘ From Brigg O’Dread when thou mayest pass,
 Every night and awle,
 To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,
 And Christ receive thy sawle.
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.
- ‘ If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
 Every night and awle,
 The fire shall never make thee shrink,
 And Christ receive thy sawle.
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.
- ‘ If meate or drinke thou never gavest man,
 Every night and awle,
 The fire shall burn thee to the bare beane,
 And Christ receive thy sawle.
 This aae night, this aae night, etc.

Aubrey, the antiquary, states, that it was a common belief, among the vulgar in Yorkshire, that, after a per-

son's death, the soul went over Whinney Moor; and that, down to 1624 A.D., an old woman attended every funeral, whose duty was to sing the above dirge to a doleful and monotonous tune.

Where was Whinney Moor? Was there one place only so named, or was it a common name in different parts of the county? There is no response.

In the writer's present neighbourhood, salt is yet frequently placed upon the breast of the corpse; and he well remembers, that, when a child, the nurse was accustomed to frighten him into subjection, by the threat to send him over Whinney Hill, if he remained obstreperous; but, in that case, Whinney Hill was a rounded hill covered with whins, or furze, near an old British camp, in the township of Norwood.

LOST AND RESCUED.—A LEGEND OF THE POWER OF INTUITION.

A waggoner, from Fewston, is supposed to have been overtaken by a snowstorm, on the moors between Beamsley and Blubberhouses. His condition on the wild waste, by some intuitive power, being perceived by a young woman of the village, to whom he was engaged, she induced a number of the neighbours to accompany her, in an attempt to find, and rescue him. This they succeeded in accomplishing. The story, with its *dénouement*, is thus told by the Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D., with the title

UNDER THE SNOW.

'It was Christmas Eve in the year 'fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

- ‘ When Waggoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of the young man’s dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year’s Day
- ‘ To Ruth, the maid of the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.
- ‘ “ Thou’s surely not going ? ” shouted mine host ;
“ Thou’ll be lost in the drift, as sure as thou’s born ;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi’ a ghost—
And that’s what thou’ll be on Christmas morn.
- ‘ “ It’s eleven long miles from Skipton toon
To Blueberg hooses and Washburn dale ;
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi’ a drop o’ good ale.”
- ‘ Turn the swallows flying south !
Turn the vines against the sun !
Herds from rivers in the drouth !
Men must dare, or nothing’s done.
- ‘ So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way ?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.
- ‘ But the wind from the north brings its deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep ;
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg Hill,
He is weary, and falls in a pleasant sleep,
- ‘ And dreams he is walking by Washburn side—
Walking with Ruth on a summer’s day ;
Singing that song to his bonnie bride—
His own wife now for ever and aye.
- ‘ Now read me this riddle. How Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom ?
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover were in the room.

- ' And read me this riddle. How Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow—
Dying, or dead, on the great wild moor?
- " Help ! Help !" " Lost ! Lost !"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,—
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.
- ' And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg Hill,
Ridsdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there, holding him, white and still !
- " He was dead in the drift, then ?"
I hear them say
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty year " syne " come Christmas Day.
- " Nay, nay, they were wed," the dalesman cried,
" By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's day ;
Bonnie Ruth were me great-great-grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."
- " But how did she find him under the snow ?"
They cried, with a laughter touched with tears.
" Nay, lads," he softly said, " we never can know—
No, not if we live a hundred years."
- " There's a sight o' things gan'
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play,
With a whoop and away,
Fifty year syne come Christmas Day.'

HIDDEN TREASURES.

Legends of hidden treasures guarded by bird, or beast, or supernatural monster, are far from uncommon.

Mr. George Markham Tweddell—than whom no one has a more intimate knowledge of his beloved Cleveland, its history, its beauty, its literature, and its

legends—says, in a letter to the writer: ‘There are numerous legends round here of subterranean passages, with iron treasure-chests guarded by ravens, but *I* never could find one of these passages, though every castle and monastery in the district is reported to have one.’

At Gainsborough Priory such a passage is reported. It is said to run from the Priory ruins to a cave far under the hills. The particular treasure, in this instance, is a gold chain of incredible value. Its guardian is a raven. Only once has the cave been visited. On that occasion, a courageous fellow of the neighbourhood forced his way through the tunnel, and came upon the guarded chamber. The raven attacked him most furiously, and, as the contest proceeded, gradually changed, in appearance, from that of a bird to that of his satanic majesty. The man then took to his heels, thankful at being permitted to escape by the way he came.

Barker, in his ‘History of Wensleydale,’ states that like traditions are by no means rare in that dale. The superstition seems common to many lands. Scott pictures these almost universal legends when he writes in ‘Marmion’ (Intro. C. vi.):

‘Did’st e’er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle’s nest in air,
Hang o’er the stream and hamlet fair?—
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass’d through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits in constant guard;

Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung,
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie ;
An' 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle 'ere in brake did sound,
Or ever hollow'd to a hound.
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged necromantic priest ;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost or won.
And oft the conjurer's words will make
The stubborn demon groan and quake ;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 'tis open'd shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clenched the spell,
When Franch'mont lock'd the treasured cell.
An hundred years are past and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.'

THE GIANT OF DALTON MILL.

At Dalton, in the parish of Topcliffe, there was formerly an old corn-mill, with miller's house adjoining. Both have been, I believe, recently rebuilt.

In front of the miller's house there was a long ridge, or mound, known as the 'Giant's Grave,' and in the mill was preserved a long, straight instrument, like a large sword, or uncurved scythe-blade, believed to have been the giant's knife.

These mementoes were regarded as vouchers for the truth of the story of the Giant of Dalton Mill.

This giant had the same taste for bread made of human bones as had the one, more noted in story, who is accused of declaring :

‘ I smell the blood of an Englishman ;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.’

One day the giant of Dalton captured a youth, on the adjoining wilds of Pilmoor, whom he led home, and kept secluded in the mill, doing all the servile work, but always denied liberty or recreation.

Jack—for so the lad was named—determined to have a holiday at the approaching Topcliffe fair. The fair-day came—one of the hot days of July—and, after a hearty meal, the giant lay down in the mill for his afternoon nap, still holding the knife with which he had been cutting his loaf of bone bread ; but, as sleep overpowered him, his fingers relaxed their hold of the weapon. Jack gently drew the knife from his grasp, and then, firmly raising it with both hands, drove the blade into the single eye of the monster. He awoke with a fearful howl, but with presence of mind to close the mill door, and so prevent the escape of his assailant. Jack was fairly trapped, but his native ingenuity came to his aid. Being blinded, the giant could only grope for him. A large dog also lay asleep in the mill. To slay this, and hurriedly take off its skin, was the work of but a few minutes. This skin he then threw around himself ; and, running on all fours and barking like the dog, he passed between the giant’s legs, got to the door, and, unbarring it quickly, escaped. Death claimed its victim, but the grave and the knife have survived to avouch the story to posterity.

It may be pointed out that Dalton, the scene of this story, is in close proximity to Sessay, the scene of the somewhat similar story in Series I. of the 'Giant of Sessay.'

A WILD CAT LEGEND.

Barnborough is a small village in South Yorkshire. In its church there is, or was, a wooden statue, or rude picture, of a man with a lion, or large cat, couchant at its feet; and, in the porch, one of the flagstones of the floor is said to be indelibly stained with a patch of deep-red colour. Legend connects these.

Once upon a time lived one Percival Cresacre More, a member of a family of great respectability in the neighbourhood.

Passing through one of the woods in the parish, at some distance from the church, he was fiercely attacked by an enormous wild cat. Without his sword, or other means of defence, he had to meet its onsets with no weapons but those with which nature had furnished him. The contest continued for several hours, the combatants moving all the time, gradually, as they fought, across the country, toward the church. The porch was at last reached; and here, after one final and desperate effort, the man and the cat—somewhat after the manner of the Kilkenny cats—both fell dead, and their blood, flowing upon the pavement of the porch, left there the stain, which neither scrubbing-brush nor time has obliterated.

THE SERPENT OF KELLINGTON.

To the serpent legends given in the former series of 'Legends and Traditions' may be added the following:

In the churchyard at Kellington, near Pontefract, there is an old stone in a horizontal position, which may have been the cover of a stone coffin, or may be monumental.

Upon this there is cut, what appears to be, in the middle a cross, and, on the right side of it, the figure of a man with clasped hands, at his feet a dog; while on the left of the cross there are some undecipherable marks, which may have represented a serpent. There are other figures upon it, but too much worn away to be distinguished.

The explanation given by legend of these figures is that, 'once upon a time,' in the dim and distant past, the dark and dank marshy woodlands, then around Kellington, harboured an enormous serpent, which wrought terrible destruction among the flocks of the surrounding shepherds. At length a shepherd, named Armroyd, more daring than the rest, determined to do battle with the monster. By aid of his shepherd's crook and his faithful dog, he prevailed and slew the enemy; but, alas! at the expense of his own life, as well as of the life of his dog. They perished together, and this stone, bearing the figures of them all—of the man, his dog, his shepherd's crook, and of the slain monster—is an enduring testimony to the facts of the story.

A field in the neighbourhood, named Armroyd Close, is said to have been given to his descendants, by his grateful neighbours, as a recognition of the service he had rendered.

It has since passed from Armroyd's descendants to other owners.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BAYNARD'S CASTLE AT
COTTINGHAM.

'Have you heard that story olden?
But a legend now we say;
Yet within its myth enfolden,
Bearing honour's silvern ray.'

EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

At Cottingham, near Hull, stood a noted castle, named Baynard's Castle.

In the days of the Eighth Henry the castle was owned by Lord Wake, who, with his young wife, celebrated for her great grace and beauty, lived there in all domestic happiness.

In the autumn of 1540 A.D., the amorous King was on a visit to the town of Kingston-upon-Hull; and, in an evil hour, the gossip of his courtiers brought to him the report of the beauty of the Lady Wake, then dwelling so near the town.

'Fore God,' quoth the King, 'I will betake me thither, and, with mine own eyes, see whether this Yorkshire beauty be the paragon she is represented to be.'

A message to this effect soon reached the owner of Baynard's Castle. He was filled with consternation. So was Lady Wake.

'Holy Father!' she exclaimed; 'what a disaster! We must avoid it in some way or other. Never will I meet this woman-slayer, and robber of God's temples, within these walls.'

'So we must,' responded her husband.

That night Baynard's Castle was in flames, fired by the old seneschal of the house at the direction of its

owner and his lady, and thus burnt to the ground, that the King might not pollute its walls.

The fire was seen from Hull, and illumined the country around ; and the King sent to inquire, in the morning, as to the particulars. When told that Baynard's Castle had been 'accidentally' destroyed, and its noble owner and his lady, being now houseless, could not possibly receive the royal visit, the King recognised the reasonableness of this excuse ; and, to show his sympathy, sent an offering of £2,000 towards repairing the loss. This was, however, respectfully declined by Lord Wake ; and the King, soon after departing from Hull, went on his way ignorant of the true cause of the destruction of his subject's ancient seat.

A LEGEND OF WATTON ABBEY.

At Watton Abbey, near Driffield, there is a tradition that the lady of a cavalier, in the days of the Great Rebellion, sought refuge with her infant, from the cruelties of a band of Roundhead rebels, in a wain-scoted chamber, now forming part of the ruins.

They, however, forced their way up the stairs, and slew both the mother and child, and stole all the jewellery, and other valuables, which she had about her person.

Ever since that time, a pale lady, with her child in her arms, has been seen to glide about the place in silent sorrow.

A TRADITION OF SKIPSEY CASTLE.

At Skipsey, or Skipsca, Castle, in Holderness, there are (or were), in the ancient moat, four deep holes, each the form and size of a man's foot. They are accounted

for by the tradition that, in the Civil War times, two brothers quarrelled, so violently, over the possessions of their dead father, that nothing but the wager of battle could decide the issue between them.

Here they furiously fought a long summer's day; and, at length, both fell, each pierced by the sword of his adversary.

In the course of the prolonged struggle, their feet had sunk into the soft soil, to a considerable depth, and it is the holes, thus made, which still remain, and bear witness to the unnatural contest. They were buried near where they fell; and the inhabitants still dread to pass the spot after dark, for fear of seeing the sheeted apparitions, still, as they are said to do, continuing the fight.

The legends of Baynard's Castle, Skipsea Castle, and Watton Abbey, and many other like stories, were fully related, a few years ago, in the *Literary Supplement* of the *Leeds Mercury*, by Mr. F. Ross, F.R.H.S., of London. They are there told with much power and literary merit, and readers, wishful to know more of them, will refer to the articles with great satisfaction.

THE CRUSADER AND THE WATER-MIRROR AT YORK. BROMPTON CASTLE.

At Brompton, near Scarborough, is a pine-clad mound known as Castle Hill. The castle, which once stood at this spot, is said to have belonged, at one time, to the kings of Northumbria.

In the times of the Crusades, the daughter of the Lord of Brompton Castle had pledged her faith to a

young cavalier, as he was upon the point of starting to those holy wars.

Years rolled away, and the knight returned in safety. When he arrived at York, he was impatient to know whether the lady of his love had remained faithful to her vows, or not. It was the eve of May-day; and there was an old tradition, that whoever cast five white stones into a certain part of the Ouse, near that city, as the Minster clock struck the first hour of May-morning, he would see, displayed upon the surface of the water, as upon a mirror, whatever of the past, present, or future, he might desire to be presented before him. Many had tried the charm, and had found it successful.

The knight determined to do the same, desiring to be shown the occupation of his lady-love at Brompton at that hour.

He cast in the stones at the required moment, and, immediately, there lay spread out before him a picture of her father's castle.

A ladder was placed to one of the windows, which he recognized as that of the young lady's room. Presently a youth, masked and cloaked, and assisted by a serving man, descended; and, the latter having first removed and concealed the ladder, they went off together. The picture vanished.

Driven to fury by what he had seen, the knight at once mounted his horse, and galloped with all possible speed toward the castle. A few hours brought him near to it; but his horse, exhausted, dropped dead. The knight ran the short distance remaining on foot, and arrived at the castle just in time to see the

attendant replace the ladder to the window, and the supposed youth, masked as before, begin to ascend.

Without word, or warning, the knight sprang upon him, and stabbed him to the heart. He fell backward as he did so, and the mask fell off, and disclosed the features of the lady herself.

In order to attend a masque in the neighbourhood without observation, she had adopted this disguise and secrecy. The knight had been shown her departure, for this purpose, upon the oracular waters at York, and he had arrived at the castle at the moment of her return, with the sad result above related.

He fled from the scene, and, again joining the Holy Wars, was heard of no more.

There being no descendant to succeed to the lands of the De Bromptons, the castle passed to others, and fell into decay ; and now the round timber-clad mound is all that remains to tell the story, that once a proud baronial, if not royal, castle stood there.

‘Tis but a pillar of grey stone,
Beside the pathway standing lone ;
Yet round it cling the legends grey,
Of the Crusaders’ ancient day.’

EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.





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